



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



THE CRUCIFIXION,  
AND OTHER POEMS.

---

B. G. AMBLER.





600087155W







# THE CRUCIFIXION,

*And other Poems.*



# THE CRUCIFIXION,

And other Poems.

BY

BENJAMIN GEORGE AMBLER.



LONDON :

W. POOLE, 12A, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

1880.

280 . 0 . 829.

PRINTED BY W. H. AND L. COLLINGRIDGE,  
CITY PRESS,  
134, ALDERSGATE STREET. E.C.



## CONTENTS.

---

|                                       | PAGE |
|---------------------------------------|------|
| THE CRUCIFIXION ... ..                | I    |
| <i>MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.</i>           |      |
| INVOCATION ... ..                     | 16   |
| ODE TO SILENCE... ..                  | 17   |
| SONG OF PAST DAYS ... ..              | 19   |
| SHADOWS OF LIFE ... ..                | 20   |
| GRAVES ... ..                         | 22   |
| REST ... ..                           | 24   |
| IN MEMORIAM—THE PRINCESS ALICE ... .. | 26   |
| THE DYING POET ... ..                 | 28   |
| WILL'S CRY ... ..                     | 30   |
| THE RUSTIC SEAT ... ..                | 32   |
| THE TWO MEETINGS ... ..               | 34   |
| A FRAGMENT ... ..                     | 36   |
| FAITH ... ..                          | 37   |
| AN ELFIN SONG ... ..                  | 38   |
| LOST ... ..                           | 39   |

|                                   | PAGE |
|-----------------------------------|------|
| THE ORIGIN OF MUSIC... ..         | 40   |
| IN THE DARK ... ..                | 41   |
| TWO HEARTS ... ..                 | 43   |
| ALONG THE PATH ... ..             | 45   |
| HOLLY ... ..                      | 46   |
| THE LANE ... ..                   | 47   |
| THE NIGHT WINDS ... ..            | 49   |
| WAITING ... ..                    | 50   |
| SNOWDROP ... ..                   | 52   |
| THE BELLS ... ..                  | 54   |
| LEGENDS ... ..                    | 56   |
| THE LAST DAY OF AUTUMN ... ..     | 58   |
| HORIZON ... ..                    | 59   |
| DAN CUPID AND THE SCULPTOR ... .. | 60   |
| BARE BRANCHES... ..               | 62   |
| A FOOTPRINT... ..                 | 64   |
| LORD, KEEP US IN THY FOLD... ..   | 65   |
| SUMMER EVE... ..                  | 66   |
| COCKLE SHELLS ... ..              | 67   |
| THE BEACH ... ..                  | 68   |
| CREED ... ..                      | 71   |
| STORM... ..                       | 73   |
| THE NIGHTINGALE ... ..            | 75   |
| A VISION ... ..                   | 77   |
| THE MORNING STAR ... ..           | 79   |
| STAGNATION ... ..                 | 81   |

# CONTENTS.

vii

|                                      | PAGE |
|--------------------------------------|------|
| THE OAK AND THE IVY ... ..           | 83   |
| EARTH'S IMPERFECTION ... ..          | 85   |
| THE TRESS ... ..                     | 86   |
| FAREWELL TO THE SUMMER ... ..        | 88   |
| JASMINE ... ..                       | 90   |
| ON THE GRAVE OF MRS. BROWNING ... .. | 91   |
| THE SEARCH FOR FAME ... ..           | 93   |
| IN THE OLD TIME ... ..               | 95   |
| THE PYRAMIDS ... ..                  | 96   |
| THE RIVER ... ..                     | 99   |
| AN EVENING FANCY ... ..              | 102  |
| PARTED ... ..                        | 103  |
| BOAT SONG ... ..                     | 105  |
| THE "HECKLA" ... ..                  | 107  |
| PEACEFUL HOURS ... ..                | 109  |
| THE MEETING OF THE SEASONS ... ..    | 111  |

# SONNETS.

|                           |     |
|---------------------------|-----|
| DAWN ... ..               | 115 |
| NO MORE ... ..            | 116 |
| FALLEN BLOSSOMS ... ..    | 117 |
| SLEEP ... ..              | 118 |
| SELF-CONTROL ... ..       | 119 |
| LOVE ... ..               | 120 |
| GHOSTS OF THE PAST ... .. | 121 |
| FLEECY CLOUD ... ..       | 122 |

|                             | PAGE |
|-----------------------------|------|
| FAIR LILY... ..             | 123  |
| MAIDENS ... ..              | 124  |
| TO A NEW YEAR'S CARD ... .. | 125  |

*MISCELLANEOUS POEMS—continued.*

|                               |     |
|-------------------------------|-----|
| CHRISTMAS EVE ... ..          | 126 |
| THE NEW YEAR'S ALMANAC ... .. | 129 |
| A LAY OF LIFE ... ..          | 131 |
| A REQUIEM ... ..              | 134 |
| RESPICE FINEM ... ..          | 135 |
| MIZPAH ... ..                 | 137 |
| CONCLUSION ... ..             | 139 |





## THE CRUCIFIXION.



SCENE I.—A HALL OF JUDGMENT.

CHRIST *before* PILATE.

MULTITUDE *without, and at the lower end of the Hall.*

PILATE. Thou hearest thine Accusers, hast thou nought  
To say in answer, know'st thou not that I  
Have power to crucify or to deliver thee?

CHRIST. Thou hadst no power over me at all,  
Except that it were given thee from Above.

(PILATE *turning to the* MULTITUDE.)

PILATE. Ye have a custom that I should release  
Upon this day a prisoner : shall it be  
Christ, or Barabbas?

MULTITUDE. Yield us up Barabbas.

PILATE. What then am I to do with Jesus, whom  
I find no fault in?

MULTITUDE. Let us crucify him.

PILATE. What evil hath he done, that ye should be  
Thus eager for his life?

MULTITUDE. Crucify him.

*Enter a MESSENGER.*

MESSENGER. Thy wife doth greet thee, Pilate, and entreats  
That thou have naught to do with this just man,  
The people bring before thee. Thus she saith :  
I have been troubled much by dreams, at first  
Vague and unshaped, the sound of many seas  
That moan far off at ebb tide, and my mind  
Sank in strange terror ; then, methought I saw  
A monstrous lake of fire, and that thou stood'st  
Immersed unto the waist, and chafed thy hands  
Striving to cleanse thee of some deadly taint ;  
Thy fingers trickled blood, and circling surged  
Faces by scores, so thou did'st sprinkle them,  
Crying, This blood upon your heads, not mine.  
But even while thou spok'st, thy features grew  
Black and contorted, as a strangled corpse,  
Thy pride all vanished, and thy form was bent—  
That noble form I love so well—before  
A crew of meanest devils, and their will  
Became thy law. Thus wert thou driven about  
Like a dry leaf by winds, till, at each yell  
Of the demoniac throng that girt thee round  
Thou shookest with a mortal ague fit ;  
And a dread voice came from the clouds, and  
cried,  
Bow thou in hell, as on the earth, and be  
The lowest creature of the crowd, for aye  
The meanest soul in torment ; these accursed  
Are blest to thee, for they thy masters were :  
Be thou who did'st their bidding doubly damned.  
And so my mistress woke, and wept, and sent  
Me even now to warn thee.

PILATE (*aside*).

This is strange,

And matches but too well my boding thoughts.  
 (*To the Messenger*) Tell her I cannot guide me  
 by her counsel,  
 Nor swim against a tide so dangerous  
 As is this outcry of the multitude.

(*Takes water and washes his hands.*)  
 (*To the Multitude*) Bear witness I am innocent  
 of wish  
 To spill this just man's blood, upon your heads  
 Must rest the heavy guilt of what ye do.

MULTITUDE. Upon our heads, and on our children's too;  
 So let it be.

PILATE. Then take your victim, and—  
 (*Aside*) So get you gone, ye bloody-minded dogs—  
 (*PILATE delivers CHRIST to the MULTITUDE.*)

PILATE (*alone*). Now have I washed my hands, yet, I do  
 fear

That there shall come a day, an awful day,  
 When oceans will not wash this guilt away  
 From my dark soul.

I'm not accountable !  
 It is the people doom him, and not I.  
 Can we thus lay aside the charge we hold,  
 And cast our sins upon a multitude  
 To whom we yield? Compulsion is our plea—  
 Ah no !—Weaker than air, thus blown about  
 By those that we should govern, now I see  
 The weak man and the tyrant are alike  
 Unto the world a scourge, the curse of God  
 Upon themselves and others.

With what mien,  
 How meekly, yet how grandly that man stood,

*THE CRUCIFIXION.*

Firm as a rock against all fear, while I—  
I truckled to a tumult, and did act  
Like their vile creature, a chameleon that  
Fed on their breath, and took its changing hue  
Obsequiously from their cruel minds.  
They shouted for Barabbas, and cried out  
To crucify a being whose pure deeds  
Proclaimed him more than mortal. Much—I  
dread

It will be always so—men hate the good,  
Who fain would lead their steps to righteousness,  
But, with demoniac joy, clasp to their breasts  
The fiends that draw them down to deepest hell.  
And so, the proud oppressor's jewelled hand,  
Which carries desolation into homes  
Once fair and joyous with sweet peace, is kissed,  
While the pale saint 'mid stones and curses dies ;  
And we who hold the balance suffer them  
To throw brute prejudice into the scale,  
Till virtue kicks the beam. Now home to rest—  
Rest—shall I ever rest again? He goes  
To death, I back to life and power. Perchance,  
Such death is better than my life will be ;  
Worse to be Cain, than Abel !

I am faint—

A lake of fire, a throng of gibbering skulls—  
My hands are gory, and my eyes are dim ;  
My brain is racked by torture, for these men  
Double damnation borne ! who had I power,  
As conscience, to upbraid me for the want  
Of will and self-reliance, I would scourge  
From out the city. Vengeance slow but sure,

An eagle moving with a tortoise pace,  
To rend my heart unto its very core.  
Would that the earth could yawn and swallow me.  
I am a haunting devil to myself.  
I do believe, as surely as I live,  
This man to be the Son of God. Whence comes  
This strange belief? I dare not, will not, think  
That it is truth, and yet I must—and yet—  
It cannot, shall not be! What if it is?  
What if the judged become the judge? oh horror!  
Madness is stealing on me, may it soon  
Clasp me within its arms, so I may lose  
Consciousness of the cursed thing I am.

*(Falls to the ground.)*

---

SCENE II.—THE TEMPLE

CHIEF PRIESTS *and* ELDERS.

*Enter* JUDAS.

JUDAS. Lo I have sinned, sinned grievously,  
In that I have sold most innocent blood,  
And for this silver, which I wish had been  
Poured molten down my throat—betrayed Him  
Thus basely, whom I followed. Blind and mad,  
Desire of lucre filled my breast alone,  
And left no room for mercy, love, or faith—  
No, nor humanity, for I have been  
Worse than a devil drunken with hell fire.  
Take back the accursed price which ye have paid,  
Nay, take my life as well, body and soul,  
All, all, I yield it freely, so ye spare

*THE CRUCIFIXION.*

His, who, if I had been aught but a fiend,  
Had given me life eternal.

FIRST PRIEST.

Somewhat late

Comes this repentance, friend ; the treachery  
Is acted, and the man condemned to death.

JUDAS.

Ah, now I feel the curse which dogs my steps  
Must drive me on to doom. Traitor, ye say,  
And what are ye who bought ? Could I have sold  
Him, had ye not been bidders ?

Lightnings scorch

Ye to the inmost marrow, liars all,  
Envy, and spite, and malice, that his life  
And teachings did reprove ye—these were your  
Base motives—mine the love of gain ! Go ye,  
Pray, make yourselves as whited sepulchres,  
And glorify the God whose Son ye slay  
With your false tongues.

Down to the earth from whence  
Fools dig ye, bane of centuries to come.

*(Flinging down the money.)*

A curse upon this dross, a curse on ye,  
And on all future traitors—for myself—  
What need to curse myself ? all men to come  
Will hold my memory a blot upon  
The face of fair creation. Live your lives,  
I tell ye at the last ye shall not 'scape  
The God into whose presence I now rush  
Red handed.

*(Rushes out.)*

SECOND

PRIEST. The foul lust of gain is dead  
Within his bosom, and above its grave  
Rises the awful phantom of remorse.

FIRST PRIEST. Why, this is a mere madman, who having sold  
His soul a bargain, leaves the bid behind.

SECOND PRIEST. Thus, men in many moods are many men,  
To-day inclined t'wards righteousness, to-morrow  
Trucking salvation for the sickly smile  
Of some poor painted harlot, or for wealth ;  
Others are willing to be lowest in  
The hell to come, if, by such means, they be  
Among the highest in the world that is :  
We may not take the price of blood again  
To put into our treasury, 'tis meet  
That we consult on what is to be done.

FIRST PRIEST. I see no stain upon it, but since we  
Cannot receive it, buy the potter's field  
To bury strangers in : the guilt at least  
Will then be cloaked by charity, a garb  
Mighty enduring.

SECOND PRIEST. Peace ! thy tongue doth wag  
Too lightly in this sacred place, yet I  
Like well thy counsel, and will act upon it.

*(They all go out, leaving the FIRST PRIEST alone.)*

FIRST PRIEST. Too lightly ! say'st thou, grey beard ? Thou  
art one

Of those most silly, self-deluding men,  
Whose wild fanaticism binds them to  
The cruelties they daily perpetrate ;  
Who cry to God with blood-bespattered lips,  
And never know the road they travel on  
Until it ends in dreary darkness, shot  
And broken by fierce fires of heaving hell.  
So, we are scrupulous ! The price of murder  
Soils us to touch it, but the deed itself

Is meritorious it seems. Now I,  
 Tho' I had sold my father, would retain  
 The price of the old fellow, not thus serve  
 The devil gratis, and should keep this coin

*(picking up the money)*

If no one else had seen it ; as it is—  
 I must perforce be honest.

---

SCENE III.—MOUNT CALVARY.

CHRIST *crucified. A robber on either side.*

FIRST ROBBER. If thou art Christ, the Son of God indeed,  
 Thyself and us deliver ; righteousness  
 Avails but little, if it meet the doom  
 Awarded to a criminal.

SECOND ROBBER. Peace ! peace !  
 Dost thou not fear the wrath of God ? I, Lord,  
 Who led an evil life, deserve to be  
 Punished ; but Thou, who art all innocent,  
 Forget not me, when thou dost enter in  
 To Thine Eternal Kingdom, Conqueror.

CHRIST. Fear not, for thou to-day shalt be with me  
 In Paradise.

*(PETER in the crowd below.)*

PETER. A difference indeed  
 Is there between these two—one conscience  
     seared  
 And stubborn to the last ; the other's thoughts  
 Perchance, have fled unto his childhood's home

Where guilt had entered not, and as life's  
night

Closes around him closer doth he turn  
Unto the Universal Father, and  
Clutching in sudden faith at the great hand  
By which he was created, as a child—  
For so must all who seek His mercy be—  
A stray lamb of the flock, is clasped again  
To the Good Shepherd's bosom joyously.  
Oh, what a world of love was in his face!  
Of love and pity! Never in my dreams  
Can I forget that look He cast upon  
The dying robber! How he smiled on him,  
Even in the midst of death and anguish!  
It seemed as if a light from the great throne  
Of His Almighty Father played around  
His lips, what time He spoke; such majesty  
Was round Him, that the cross grew glorified.  
I loved and followed Him. What do I say?  
Held I not safety dearer than His love  
When I denied Him, and with curses—then  
The cock crew, and His words rushed o'er my  
mind,

And as a lightning flash the landscape shows  
In one brief second, saw I mine own soul,  
And lo, it was a coward's!

Would that I  
Had back that time of trial, I would cry  
I am His poor disciple publicly,  
Yea from the housetops; but what I have done  
Is done for ever, irretrievable.  
Strange immortality of mortal deeds,  
Eternity of action, woe is me!

*THE CRUCIFIXION.*

Well for the babe that dies in infancy,  
With the dread leaf of life a page unwrit.

*(The Angel GABRIEL in the crowd.)*

GABRIEL. What sayest thou, friend? Thy conscience seems  
not calm.

PETER. What I can say will little now avail,  
For I have shrunk from my Great Leader's side,  
And am unworthy evermore to look  
Upon His glorious presence fearlessly.  
Oh! I have stood beside Him, listened to  
Words that might bear new life unto the dead,  
Have seen His face made luminous by light  
Such as no passing sunbeam's radiance sheds,  
Marked holiness wrapt round Him like a robe,  
And yet I dare not share His fate. If thou  
Shouldst ever meet temptation in this sort,  
Hold death a dear companion, clasp his hand,  
And make destruction welcome as a bride,  
Rather than leave thine honour and thy trust,  
And be ingrate and dastard!

Was I mad?

Why did I fear? What could their spite have done  
But killed my body? Thus my soul had been  
With Him whose suff'rings now I only weep,  
And, as upon the waves of Galilee,  
His hand had been outstretched to bear me on;  
And I should then have walked securely o'er  
The vast Eternal ocean, as the lake  
Lashed by earth's storm.

The winds moan low, and see

The lurid lightning flashes its forked tongue.

CHRIST. Father, into Thy hands I commend my Spirit.

## THE CRUCIFIXION.

11

PETER. Now are we lost ! for He is gone from us  
Whose power alone could save. Great God,  
thy wrath  
Descends upon us visibly, as when  
It fell on Egypt, darkness to be felt,  
Oppression of the atmosphere. Death's clutch  
Is laid on the vexed universe, the earth  
Groaneth in travail, and the dead men's bones  
Stir, rattling in the tomb, or rising join ;  
And clothed again in flesh, with eyes that chill  
The warm blood of the living, ghastly stare,  
Telling of miseries they dare not speak,  
Flit by us, seen, tho' darkness hide all else  
Save sights of grisly terror, that might freeze  
The marrow of hot youth, and turn to stone  
The sunken joints and grey hairs of old age.  
The world is changed to a foul charnel house  
Reeking with putrefaction horrible,  
And every dumb thing finds a voice to give  
Forth a weird wail of mourning.

*(Voices of Nature.)*

Bow the branch in grief,  
Miserere ;  
Droop to earth the young green leaf,  
As a spirit droopeth weary.  
Wave, tho' winds are still,  
Tremble, tremble ;  
The bright rill  
Stayeth stagnant,  
And the ocean in emotion  
Hath no wave.

# THE CRUCIFIXION.

Earth, and sky, and sea, and verdure  
Turn to one vast grave.

*(The Aspen.)*

Tremble, ye who list, but I  
Shake no branch in misery :  
In my beauty and my pride,  
I confide,  
And for pleasure have full leisure,  
While ye wise ones chafe and chide.

GABRIEL. Thou, who dost feel no pity for the Son  
Of thy Creator, shalt for evermore  
Tremble in fear, until the judgment trump  
Winnows the earth of thee, and such as thee.  
For thus it always shall be, they whose hearts  
Are hard as flint against belief, whose breath  
In gentle breezes blesses where it comes,  
Shall be as thou, and, when no wind is near  
Within the poisoned air they revel in,  
Quake before superstition ; and the soul  
That bows not to its Maker reverently  
Shall through the dust of gold and falsehood  
rush,

Ridden by demon fears, till, falling prone  
Under the feet of the grim Moloch, whom  
It suffered to uprise in place of God,  
It lies in slavish torment, tortured by  
The demonology of disbelief.

*(Turning to PETER).*

Thy faith doth fail, and thou dost think this  
scene,  
So full of lamentation, is to be  
The end of all. I tell thee light shall stream

From darkness, love sublime spring out of hate,  
And life, such life as thou hast never seen,  
Be brought from death ; for if thy Master rise,  
Thou, and the millions who in future time  
Honour His name, and bear His message forth  
To multitudes unnumbered, shall appear  
With Him in glory. Thou hast seen to-day  
Victory, not defeat, for death lies dead,  
And Satan's realm is shaken to its base ;  
For from this hour hate shall grow weak, and  
love  
Increase, and gather strength like a vast tide,  
Breaking the ramparts sin has raised ; for God  
Himself is Love, and naught dare Him resist,  
Till, in a golden flood of joy and praise,  
It rolleth into the Eternal sea  
Of glass, mingled with fire, before His Throne.

---

## SCENE IV.—THE SEPULCHRE.

MARY MAGDALENE *standing without, weeping.*

MARY. They are both gone, yet I cannot depart.  
The light that shone upon my sinful life,  
Leading it back to beauty, has died out,  
And in the sepulchre my sun has set !  
Where Faith once reigned triumphant, Doubt  
now stands ;  
My sad soul shivers in the gloom of death.  
I came to seek my Lord, and lo ! the place  
Where He was laid is empty.  
(*She looks into the sepulchre and sees two Angels.*)

**FIRST ANGEL.**                                Woman, why  
Weepest thou thus? Within the dreary tomb  
What treasure hast thou hid, that thou art come  
To such a place for comfort in thy woe?

**MARY.** I came to seek my Lord, and weep because  
They have taken Him away, and I know not  
In what place they have laid Him.

**FIRST ANGEL.** Dry thy tears,  
He is not here, but risen. Thinkest thou  
The grave could hold Him who raised Lazarus,  
And that the Son of God, Death's conqueror,  
Should stay in the dominion of His foe?

SECOND ANGEL. Thou hast come as yet unknowing, Mary,  
But the truth shall be revealed to thee,  
And thou shalt see thy Saviour's face again ;  
For He has risen, and through Him all  
mankind  
Shall rise. But in the ages yet to come  
There will be many who go forth to weep  
Beside the dead, who, knowing this, should  
look  
Not to the ground, musing upon corruption  
And all the littleness of poor mankind,  
But watch the flowers that spring from the dark  
earth,  
Learning that out of darkness cometh light,  
And leave the place where for a little hour  
Death seems to them the victor, to up-gaze  
Unto the stars that so eternal shine  
From the clear sky, and think, tho' they may  
mourn  
Over the dust that loved them, when those orbs

Shall be swept from the heaven like withered  
leaves,  
Man's everlasting life shall be begun ;  
For since this great redemption, the wide seas,  
The towering mountains, and the solid rock,  
Are things ephemeral in duration to  
The life eternal God bestows on man !  
Turn and behold, for we must hence to join  
In joyous hallelujahs.

(MARY *turns and sees* CHRIST.)

MARY.

It is strange—

I am bewildered by his glorious speech—

Know you, Sir, where my Lord is laid ? for I

Will take away his body.

CHRIST.

Mary !

MARY (*falling on her knees*).

Rabboni.



## INVOCATION.

COME to me, oh ! ye sounds of mirth and woe,  
 That through the world vibrate—  
 Sounds that from clime to clime still onward flow,  
 As birds in spring migrate ;  
 Come, with the treasures of the souls that ye  
 Have chastened or made glad,  
 Bring the long day dreams that oft visit me,  
 Welcome, tho' mostly sad.

Come to me, oh ! ye fiery words that find  
 Your way, tho' oft unsought—  
 Words that bear hope unto the human mind,  
 With living sunshine fraught.  
 Come to me, sympathy, ye purest good,  
 Only true magic wand  
 That can unite the scattered brotherhood  
 Of man in one great bond.

Thoughts that in woodlands hide, sweet silent lore  
 Known unto him alone  
 Who in your dusky shades loves to explore,  
 And make you all his own.  
 I, who so oft have paid the homage meet,  
 And listened to your choir,  
 Invoke you, oh ! great Nature, and entreat  
 Your aid to wake my lyre.



## ODE TO SILENCE.

DEEP musing, tho' we know not that we muse  
In thoughtless reverie, with open heart,  
Into whose inmost core the brilliant hues  
Of nature melt, until they make a part  
Of our existence, and the very air  
Seems full of high-souled dreams, each dream a  
spotless prayer.

Silence, the word is magical, green leaves,  
The shores of placid lakes, the snow-capped peaks  
Of mighty mountains, till the soul receives  
New life from their tranquillity, yet seeks  
Not vainly all its hidden springs to know,  
But loveth still to lie where such fair fancies flow.

Dear as the skies at dawning, sad as when  
The sunset glory dieth, doth it sink,  
Love's tender silence ; then hands clasp, and then  
What words so satisfying ? On the brink  
Of speech lies eloquence beyond compare ;  
In such a moment pass it not, but linger there.

Glad, glad as youth and health, O woods and flowers ;  
Sweet, sweet as flowers and leaves, O fragrant lips ;  
Blithe as the butterfly, O fleeting hours ;

Sadness incarnate, for the dark eclipse  
Must fall on all, the sunny moments spend  
Themselves, thus swiftly pass, all pleasure hath an end.

No rose without sharp thorns about its stem ;  
No smiling eyes but often fill with tears ;  
No days so bright but shadows over them  
Fall greyly. When the world's long, patient years  
Have passed, perchance, sweet Silence, God may teach  
Us how to frame thee into even sweeter speech.



## SONG OF PAST DAYS.

DAYS of deep woe, lying within the past,  
 Ye but engender  
 Thoughts that dimly-quivering shadows cast,  
 Melting and tender.

As o'er a hill-embosomed lake the shade  
 Rests in grey dawning,  
 Till rosy light, across the east displayed,  
 Telleth of morning.

Days that were once aglow with summer bliss,  
 Leaving no morrow ;  
 Budding hopes, fallen upon earth for this—  
 Bitterness, sorrow.

Yours are the thoughts whose dying sunbeams make  
 Life's path so dreary,  
 When from the golden dream perforce we wake,  
 Saddened and weary.

Yet still within our hearts we hold you dear ;  
 Call it not madness,  
 For ye are all that time has left us here  
 Of life's young gladness.



## SHADOWS OF LIFE.

SHADOWS floating in the air  
Haunt us ever, sometimes seen  
Sailing by us still and fair,  
Of't'ner with reproachful mien.

On they sweep, a long array,  
In two separate bands they go,  
As the ending of the day  
Brings its softened thoughts of woe.

First come phantoms of the past ;  
With a mournful look they gaze,  
As they show us, dim and vast,  
Pictures of the bygone days.

As the second band goes by  
They inflict a grief more keen,  
Showing us, with mournful cry,  
Visions of the might have been.

Is there any who, so wise  
And so good has made his life,  
That he has not heard the cries  
With which all the air is rife ?

Has not viewed the shadowy forms  
Of the deeds he might have done ;  
As his life grew dark with storms,  
Seen the place he might have won ?

Do these shadows come in vain,  
But to drive us to despair ?  
Can we not some wisdom gain  
From the message that they bear ?

Hark ! they speak ! The past, they say,  
With its errors, keep in sight,  
Not for mourning the to-day,  
But to guide thy future right.





## GRAVES.

THE snow has fallen over the graves  
In gently-undulating waves,  
    Slowly  
Covering up those signs of woe,  
That mark where the weary sleep below,  
    Wholly.

The trees are clad in a robe of white,  
They glint as diamonds in the light,  
    Seeming ;  
You would not think in their cold bed,  
Lay, 'neath this beauty, bones of the dead,  
    Gleaming.

The poet's singing has drifted down,  
Resting on Nature's brow a crown,  
    Jewelled ;  
You would not deem, as on her head  
It flashes, he has with powers dread,  
    Duelled.

Ye look on the crown, and see it gleam,  
'Neath its glitter a soul doth dream,  
    Aching ;

Those jewels rare that sparkle so,  
Are often cut by a heart in woe,  
Breaking.

Hid from the world do our dead hopes lie,  
Never looked on by mortal eye ;  
Duty  
Must fill the place of early love,  
Its desolate grave we raise above,  
Beauty.





## REST.

O'ER the hills the sun is setting,  
Flooding them with golden light,  
'Tis the hour when, care forgetting.  
Souls soar higher, feel more bright.

Birds their vesper songs are singing,  
Bright the river's tide flows on,  
And the bells, tho' ceased their swinging,  
Murmur still a benison.

Still in air their voices linger,  
Echoing over fields afar,  
Still the church spire points its finger  
Upward, to the evening star.

Every voice repeats the saying,  
We are symbols whisper all,  
Birds in singing, bells in playing,  
Of the rest that is to fall

On the lives that seem so dreary,  
Listen well, we speak of rest ;  
Oh ! their voices sweet and cheery,  
Tell our souls God knoweth best.

Suns sink down and rise in splendour,  
Moon and stars their homage pay,  
All the universe doth render  
Him obedience night and day.

And the hours that we are grieving  
Are but units in the grand  
Scheme of nature, they are leaving,  
Only writing on the sand.

Writing, the eternal ocean,  
In its flood shall sweep away ;  
Leaving us no dread emotion,  
No sad thought of yesterday.





## IN MEMORIAM.

### THE PRINCESS ALICE.

WEEP for thy Princess, England ; let the land  
Bow down its head in sorrow : she is gone  
Who moved among us, with a double crown  
Of gracious womanhood and queenly state.  
Honoured in her adopted land, held dear  
By every English heart, as only they  
Who rule in Britain are, for they may claim  
To be most gracious of all kingly blood,  
And in their peoples' breasts to reign by love.  
Weep for the noble Princess, whose fair face  
Was welcome to our eyes as sunbeams ; weep  
For the devoted mother, whose pure lips  
Met death with fearless kiss, rather than see  
Her child's despair unsoothed. Like a vast tide,  
Let England's tears pour forth for those who mourn  
Wife, child and sister, all laid low in one.  
Weep ! What else dare we do ? No cheering tongue  
Avails when the sad heart is wrung by grief ;  
Yet, must a nation's deep-felt sympathy  
Find some expression. Gracious Sovereign, we  
Ne'er hungered for a kindly word in vain  
From royal lips : when we were stricken down

By dire affliction, we most reverently,  
And from afar off, seek to tell you now  
With what true tenderness we feel your loss.  
She has gone from among us, bitter woe  
Remaineth ever. In the hours of sleep  
They who have lost a dear one feel the weight  
Of but half-hidden sorrow, and awake,  
To find that dreary blank remembrance brings ;  
But she, who hath awakened in the life  
Christ giveth His beloved, she doth clasp  
An angel daughter in her arms, and lean  
Upon the father's breast she loved so well.  
And, Honoured Queen, you, to whom both were dear  
As very life, will meet them in that day when God  
shall make  
Up jewels for His Everlasting Crown.



## THE DYING POET.

'Twas a poet lonely dying,  
Stretched upon his couch of pain,  
And his soul was sadly crying,  
That his labour had been vain.

Through his brain the past was gliding,  
But defeat seemed written there,  
For the world had gazed deriding,  
Then had left him to despair.

But the mighty aspirations  
Of his simple, loving mind,  
Died not out in lamentations,  
Tho' the world was deaf and blind.

For he found a silent pleasure  
That atoned for all the wrong,  
In his rhymes and flowing measure,  
Song he loved for sake of song.

So he battled onward, giving  
All his life, as men should give,  
To a noble object, living  
Only that his work might live.

Till at last his strength had failed him,  
And he laid him down to rest,  
Then dark thoughts and fears assailed him,  
Fears that would not be repress.

And he sadly sighed : The token  
 That I bore unto the world  
 Has been trampled on and broken,  
 And the message backward hurled.

Suddenly a light of gladness  
 Dawned upon his careworn face,  
 Gone was all the bitter sadness,  
 And it wore a peaceful grace.

Ere it faded, Heaven's bright portal  
 Opened to another guest,  
 One more weary, wayworn mortal,  
 Entered into endless rest.

Did he hear the world applauding ?  
 See the laurels he had won ?  
 Given with words of praise, recording  
 His great gifts when all was done ?

Or, as life fled from him faster,  
 Was the smile that then was seen  
 Caused by words of his great Master,  
 "Thou hast good and faithful been" ?

I know not, but after ages  
 Owned the beauty of his thought,  
 Loved to read his wondrous pages,  
 Learned the lessons that they taught.

And tho' through neglect and sadness  
 Lay his path for many a day ;  
 Other lives have felt the gladness  
 Of the poet's genial ray.

## WILL'S CRY.

"DIED of love!" you said with a sneer,  
Looking down on the pale, cold face;  
Such a fate you need little fear,  
Turn away with a stately grace.

You are beautiful I must own,  
She but a homely peasant's child,  
For whom one honest heart will moan ;  
You have driven a dozen wild.

Her face was plain, but calm and bright,  
Pure as a ray from the fading west ;  
You, for a Cleopatra might  
Pass, as you lie in smiling rest.

You, who have stood with me just now  
Beside the dead, with soft, round arms,  
Pouting lips, and a snow-white brow,  
Would sink my soul in love's alarms.

Think that I love your fair, false face !  
This morning the dead girl's love and I,  
Trod the sands at a sober pace,  
I saw his breast shake with a cry,

Low and wailing, as from the sea ;  
What do you care for a fisher's grief ?  
Such devotion as his would be  
To you a riddle past belief.

You lie, your eyes half closed, each word  
A lure to catch men's hearts ; but still  
Rings in my ear the cry I heard  
Break from the lips of honest Will.

Better to be like him bereft,  
To have love lifted out of view,  
Than toyed with, cheated, and then left,  
By a harlot-hearted girl like you.



## THE RUSTIC SEAT.

HERE, in this quaint old corner,  
Beneath the chestnut tree,  
The ancient rustic seat is placed  
From which I used to see  
The drifting clouds at even  
Float slowly over me.

A gap among the branches  
Lay open to the sky,  
Through which the glorious sunset glow  
With dusky shades would vie,  
Until the heavens shone radiant  
In ever-varied dye.

And rapt in mute suspension,  
From the old rustic seat,  
I watched the little clouds flit by,  
As though the angel feet  
Cast shadows on the pavement  
Of the celestial street.

Then, when the light had faded,  
And calmly into blue  
The many-tinted clouds resolved,  
That steadfast changeless hue—  
Peace, past all understanding,  
Lay symbol'd to my view.

The ev'ning's wondrous splendour,  
The holy calm of night,  
Revealed their secrets, till I learned  
To read with new delight  
That mystic book, the heavens,  
Where God alone doth write.

Could I have nobler study ?  
Knowledge is surely grand,  
But what avails it should I know  
Each work of human hand,  
Yet pass eternal beauty,  
Failing to understand ?



## THE TWO MEETINGS.

IN thy childhood's days I saw thee,  
 Thou wert then so bright and fair,  
 As with winning smiles thou metst me,  
 Dancing eyes, and flowing hair,  
 That I gazed on thee bewild'ring,  
 Thinking how such lovely children,  
     Living flow'rs,  
 Outbloomed all the other blossoms,  
     In this world of ours.

Once again, in the bright splendour,  
 In the beauty of thy youth,  
 Did I meet thee, fair and tender,  
     Robed in purity and truth ;  
 'Twas as tho' a vision's glory,  
 Such as oft in olden story,  
     Legend quaint,  
 I had read of, dawned upon me—  
     Thou wert then my saint.

Shall I meet thee kind as ever,  
     Grown a woman, full of grace,  
 Meet thee, never more to sever,  
     Dare to tell thee what a place  
 In my heart thy form has taken,  
 And has kept 'gainst all unshaken ?  
     Shall I greet  
     Thee with words of long-pent loving ?  
     Lay life at thy feet ?

Or, will this harsh world divide us,  
 Will my life flow on alone ?  
 Many may for loving chide us,  
 Sweeter 'tis to hear the moan  
 Of the waves, their last leave taking  
 Of the shore, where they were making  
 Music grand,  
 Than to watch them loveless flowing,  
 Far from the bright sand.

I shall meet thee—as a seer,  
 Who of old inspired arose,  
 So my spirit rises freer,  
 Looks beyond the evening's close—  
 As an angel, peaceful, glorious,  
 O'er all worldly woe victorious,  
 I can see ;  
 When life's battle is fought bravely,  
 God will give me thee.





## A FRAGMENT.

SHE, at parting, dropped a bud  
In the river's silver flood,  
And its current, brightly fleet,  
Cast the treasure at my feet.

Straight I raised it, pale and sweet,  
Taking it as omen meet,  
That some day the stream of life  
Thus should bring me a wee wife.



## FAITH.

BLESSED are they that mourn. Oh ! words divine,  
 And full of consolation : all who dread  
 The coming cloud believe them, nor repine ;  
 Ye shall be comforted.

There is no sorrow to our God unknown ;  
 Let us keep firm our faith, and still be bold ;  
 Each trial passes leaving us alone  
 His blessings manifold.

When He himself hath promised to console  
 All those who 'neath afflictions' load must bend,  
 Why should we fear ? His words the waves control,  
 The winds do comprehend.

Before His smile our cares shall pass away,  
 The tempest of our lives no longer rage ;  
 Sweet rest and peace their weary hours repay—  
 Peace ! holy heritage.

We trust in one Eternal ; we behold  
 Each day some glorious work formed by His hand ;  
 See upon Nature's grave new life unfold  
 We cannot understand.

Seek we not, then, to learn His ways unknown :  
 He doeth only what is pure and right :  
 But rather in our hearts let us enthroned  
 His goodness infinite.

## AN ELFIN SONG.

BLUE bells are ringing,  
Nightingales singing,  
The fairies dancing so light and gay,  
West wind scarce sighing,  
The pale moon hieing  
Over the mountain, fading away.

Keen weapons gleaming,  
While men are dreaming  
The elfin armour is flashing bright,  
From pure souls sleeping  
They banish weeping,  
And drink from flowers till morning light.

Then, upward flying,  
When night is dying,  
They melt into space like winter's snow ;  
The lark is singing,  
The clock chime ringing,  
And they are gone where all visions go.

## L O S T .

O VIOLETS, growing in the pleasant spring,  
And perfuming the air with odours sweet ;  
O birds, upon the boughs that joyous sing,  
Buds that expand the glorious sun to meet ;  
O life and light,  
Within my soul is night.

Sweet breezes that are blowing soft and free,  
Wandering o'er all the land at your wild will,  
Making the tender leaves to dance in glee,  
My heart, that once had answered with a thrill  
To your warm breath,  
Is now as cold as death.

Yet, breezes of the west, I love you still,  
But with a saddened sense of something lost,  
Feel in your balmy breath a nameless chill ;  
In the bright sunshine comes a sudden frost—  
And lo, in pain,  
My soul sinks down again !

## THE ORIGIN OF MUSIC.

APOLLO wand'ring by the shores of Nile,  
Striking his foot against a shell, thus found  
The first rude instrument, and with a smile,  
Stood listening to the sound.

Then, taking it for model, straight he made  
A lyre of such weird sweetness that each tone  
Resembled syren voices as he played,  
Rising from ocean lone.

So says the old Greek legend ; far away  
From Nile's dark shores I read the wond'rous tale,  
And musing over it, Time's hand to-day  
Lifts from the past his veil.

I hear the tortoiseshell, dried in the sun,  
Faintly resound as it is struck ; I see  
The thought flash on Apollo, and begun  
Are days of harmony.

I hear that harmony spread far and wide,  
And overflow each distant land ; the air,  
Silent before, now in a living tide,  
Melodious sounds doth bear.

They broaden, and I close again the book  
Upon the legend I have often read,  
Smiling to think these sounds their origin took  
From a poor reptile dead.

## IN THE DARK.

DARK, dark, quite dark and cold ! Ring on, O chimes !  
 Widen your circling sounds in the clear air.  
 To me ye are but echoes of old times  
 Once bright with light of hope, most wondrous fair.

Each sound the ghost of some dead year evokes,  
 In which my life no longer hath a part ;  
 Ring on, ring on, sweet knell, although your strokes  
 Smite sore upon the old wounds of my heart.

I am as one who, in a cavern dusk,  
 Sees a blithe prospect from his gloomy lair ;  
 Nothing of life remains except its husk,  
 And the dark presence of a dread despair.

No, not despair ! each grey-robed, gentle ghost  
 Is but a shadow that must sadly flit,  
 Until our world shall roll into the host  
 Of other whirling worlds surrounding it.

Then these fair phantoms on the pallid plain  
 Of the winged Eden, wisely God denied,  
 Who bids us wait, shall in their Father's fane  
 White-handed welcome give us glorified.

Yes, glad beyond our glowing hopes, for we  
 Are but the insects of a world finite,  
 Powerless to measure the infinity  
 Of Him whose attributes are love and light.

What will our brightest visions be, compared  
 To the majestic splendour of that day  
 When the heart's secrets shall be all declared,  
 And pain and parting shall have passed for aye ?

The dead shall rise, the chaff from the good grain  
 Shall then be winnowed. Will our purer dreams  
 Awake to life, and come to us again  
 In mid-day musings by the heavenly streams ?

Yea, I believe so ; naught of good shall pass,  
 But be revived. True thoughts are never vain ;  
 The evil shall alone be like the grass,  
 And perish. Friends, hopes, dreams, we meet again !

Ring on in sadness, bells ; we, poor blind moles,  
 Are led by these fair spirits through the dark ;  
 'Tis by unsated longings God controls  
 Our wayward souls—oh, stricken brothers, hark !

Hark ! so the cycles pass, marked by the years ;  
 Roll the sad waters to the sunless sea ;  
 Break the bleak billows of our falling tears :  
 I hear the coming steps of Life to be.





## TWO HEARTS.

Two hearts fast locked in love,  
Two souls as one,  
Looking to God above,  
Life scarce begun ;  
Fair visions floating by  
Of sunny hours,  
Bound by that golden tie,  
A world all flowers.

Two hearts that life has tried,  
Two souls kept pure  
By love, that doth abide  
And all endure ;  
Old sorrows passed away,  
Into the far  
Distance, the fair to-day,  
Lit by love's star.

Two hearts still young in love,  
Two souls as one,  
Looking to God above,  
Life almost done ;

Their youthful days more near,  
Now at the last,  
Holding their love as dear,  
Their faith as fast.

One heart alone with death,  
One soul sore tried,  
But only for a breath,  
Naught can divide  
Souls so united by  
Pure love, in vain  
Death strives to break the tie,  
They meet again.



## ALONG THE PATH.

ALONG the path we tread  
Where they once trod,  
The stars gleam bright o'erhead,  
The pine trees nod ;  
The low soft whisper of the winds that 'mong  
Their leaves are playing,  
Is as the language of an unknown tongue  
Solemnly praying.

No print is on the ground  
Where gentle feet  
Walked with us, and the sound  
Of voices sweet  
Is hushed for all time to our ears, and so  
Our souls sleep, aching,  
While 'mid the glory and the robes of snow  
Theirs are awaking.

We hope to meet again,  
But years are long ;  
Pray God to soothe this pain,  
And make us strong ;  
Soften our grief, yet let us not grow cold,  
Nor passion driven ;  
Suffer the hands to draw us loved of old,  
Up, to Thy heaven.

## HOLLY.

STOUT old Holly, green and hardy,  
Bringing mem'ries strangely sweet—  
Who in praising thee is tardy,  
Fails an ancient friend to greet ?

I must hail thee, glistening Holly,  
Old companion of a child,  
Thou recallest harmless folly,  
Thoughtless mirth, and transports wild.

Bright red berries, leaves all shining,  
Other leaflets ye restore  
To the book of life, divining  
Secrets little known before.

Bringing back each kindly meeting,  
In the air a rustling sound,  
As of angel wings, whose fleeting  
Whispers of good will around.

Welcome then, a welcome jolly,  
Mirth o'er all the land doth float ;  
Come and take thy station, Holly,  
First in Christmas armour coat.



## THE LANE.

Down the lane, where once we wandered  
In the spring time, did I stray,  
O'er the past I sadly pondered,  
Dreaming of that happy day.

'Twas September, and the changing  
Robes of Autumn met mine eye,  
Tints, from gold to russet ranging,  
Leaves half withered, seared, and dry.

But the day when life was springing,  
In the midst of bounteous May,  
When the birds were sweetly singing,  
And we wandered far away ;

Came with all its magic laden,  
From the realm of bygone dreams,  
Brought thy form, O beauteous maiden !  
As the rain brings gushing streams ;

Brought the scent of withered flowers,  
Scattered now by many a blast,  
And the charm of vanished hours,  
Every longing of the past.

'Till, I felt again the yearning,  
And the thrill within my soul,  
That of yore met spring returning,  
With a rapture past control.

And beside me, in my dreaming,  
Thou once more didst gently tread,  
And the sunlight, brightly streaming.  
Cast a glory round thy head.

Thus, my memory enshrined thee,  
'Mid sweet flowers, O holy dead !  
Thus again, I hope to find thee,  
When this little life is sped.



## THE NIGHT WINDS.

THE dark clouds are spread,  
 Solemnly o'er head.  
 Day is lying dead,  
     Night winds mourning.

Wail a requiem drear,  
 That is sad to hear,  
 Full of nameless fear,  
     And of warning.

What is it ye say ?  
 Why so mourn the day  
 That has gone its way,  
     All are dying ?

And they answer low,  
 Many a cry of woe  
 Passeth to and fro,  
     In our sighing.

Sounds from the great sea  
 Of humanity,  
 Tossing restlessly,  
     Chafing ever ;

On our wings we bear,  
 Through the midnight air,  
 Cries of mortal care,  
     Ceasing never.



### WAITING.

AH me ! we watched the sunset, you and I,  
Saw all the splendour of a heaven on fire,  
Dreaming, that thus our souls should side by side  
Stand, till the dawning of Eternity  
Made us one perfect being ;  
Soft the wind murmured among the leaves,  
Whose tiny hands waved as in welcome to us,  
And the scent of closing flowers was round us—  
It was bliss,  
Beyond the bliss we dream of.  
Lo ! it passed, the tide of life surged up, and we  
Parted for ever, and where in my soul  
Once echoed strains of Eden, love, and hope,  
I heard the battle cry of earth sweep on,  
And said thy soul was noble, and thy love  
Should make me noble also. Then I turned,  
Entered the camp of life with heavy heart,  
But iron resolution. They are brave  
Who in the future have no hope to lose.  
I have fought in life's great battle field,  
Have seen the young and ardent smitten down,  
Yet has despair not long within my breast  
Made its abiding place, for I have gazed

Upon a glorious vision, and thy smile  
 Has lit my footsteps upward ; not in light  
 Of living sunset streaming on thy hair  
 Have I beheld thee, tho' that memory sweet  
 Has, like a diapason, ever been  
 Heard through my life's sad music ;  
 In my dreams more holy rays streamed o'er thee,  
 Round thy head the nimbus, and thy form  
 Transfigured in such light as angels wear.  
 Was it illusion? Was our love but given  
 That distance might divide it, death destroy?  
 Oh ! soul sublime ! that stood with me and watched  
 The sun sink down—  
 Shall we not stand together in that day  
 Whereon no sun shall set?—when life and death  
 Have faded like a vision, love not be,  
 With all that earth knew noble, magnified !





## SNOWDROP.

THE snow lies on the ground, the wind is chill,  
Old Winter's icy hand binds down the earth,  
The oak is leafless, and the brooklet still,  
No voice is left to tell of summer's mirth.

The whisper of the woods is hushed, and there  
No longer strays the student with his book,  
Often neglected in a scene so fair,  
To learn of Nature in each quiet nook.

One form of living beauty meets the sight,  
One form alone, of aspect e'en more fair  
Than myriad flowers that blossom in the light  
And warmth of June, fanned by the balmy air.

A snowdrop 'mid the snow, a thing so frail,  
It seems but fit to bloom 'neath summer skies,  
To lift its graceful form, and cheek so pale,  
In the sweet breath of some fair Paradise.

Oh, brave and tender flower! God gives to thee  
The power of making brighter this dull scene;  
When, shrinking from the cold, each mighty tree  
Has withered up and doffed its robes of green.

Oh, brave and tender woman! when the springs  
Of hope and courage ebb from stalwart forms,  
Strong in thy weakness, like all fragile things,  
Thou bravely meetest life's resistless storms.

The snowdrop that doth cheer old Winter's days,  
And the sweet form that brightens all our own,  
Filling their saddest hours with sunny ways,  
Alike are flowers in God's great garden grown.





## THE BELLS.

**FIRST BELL.** Here in the belfry ringing,  
I am singing  
Of the rest day God has given ;  
Clear notes falling  
Downward, calling  
Souls from thoughts of earth to heaven.

**SECOND BELL.** From the old tower repeating,  
Time is fleeting,  
I am calling o'er the land :  
Day is flying,  
Men are dying,  
Night will soon be nigh at hand.

**THIRD BELL.** My silver tones are stealing,  
Truth revealing  
To all those who sadly yearn ;  
Broken hearted,  
Who departed  
From the narrow way, return.

FOURTH BELL. I to mankind am saying,  
Gently swaying,  
From my station, here above  
Earthly sorrow,  
Lo, to-morrow  
Dawneth brightly, God is love.

TOGETHER. Our voices all are chanting,  
Carols haunting,  
Souls that weep, or watch, or pray,  
Till o'er yellow  
Corn our mellow  
Voices sink and die away.



## LEGENDS.

IN the midst of our prosaic  
World of work-day thought we find  
Some old legends, quaint, mosaic,  
Painted by the artist mind.

Fancies we would fain believe in,  
Adding charms to all we know,  
With their beauty oft retrieving  
Many hours of bitter woe,

Hover round the outward boundary  
Of our world of care and strife,  
Cheering us in this great foundry  
Of the iron facts called life.

Let us not, uncomprehending,  
Cast away as worthless dross,  
Legend lore, lest we, offending  
'Gainst its knowledge, meet with loss.

Flowers and weeds the earth are filling,  
Pluck we flowers of every kind,  
Touch not noxious weeds, distilling  
Poisons hurtful to the mind.

Legends of the kindly lares,  
Let us all believe them true,  
Fill our homes with household fairies,  
Loves and graces, not a few.

Trample down the weeds unbidden,  
Cast revengeful legends by,  
Pleasant fairy tales, tho' chidden,  
Tell beneath the brightening sky.

Tho' this life of toil persistent  
Know no fairies, such as start  
From the boundless depths existent  
In a child's o'erflowing heart ;

Yet, where love doth watch, dispelling  
Gloomy clouds, and making bright  
Homely faces, in that dwelling  
Fairies dance by firelight ;

And its hearth, however lowly,  
Tho' it burn but humble sods,  
In some hearts is held as holy  
As an altar to the Gods.



## THE LAST DAY OF AUTUMN.

SLOWLY the falling leaves float rustling down  
Through the calm Autumn air,  
Some faded yellow, some a golden brown,  
All wonderfully fair.

Nature decayeth, but to her last breath  
Smiles on the world around ;  
No wailing winds disturb her peaceful death,  
No unharmonious sound.

Winter approaches with a ling'ring tread,  
As one who feels the spell  
Of beauty when its life is almost sped,  
And o'er it loves to dwell.

Not as a victor comes he—not to wring  
From Autumn's failing hand  
The sceptre, he succeeds as lawful king  
Over the barren land.

Redly the sun sets, peaceful day is fled,  
Rough winds go sweeping by,  
Like giants new released, "The King is dead ;  
Long live the King," they cry.

## HORIZON.

THE sun is sinking into the sea,  
    Tinging the sails of a ship with gold  
That fades away in the mystery  
    Of the far horizon, whither bold  
Hearts, that are bounding gay and free,  
With the glorious sunset under your lee.

The sun is tinting a girl's long hair,  
    A childish face in the glow is seen,  
That is growing fast to a woman's, fair  
    As man need look on. Ah ! I have been  
Too long familiar with change to dare  
Picture the writing Time's hand shall leave there.

Float on, thou ship, o'er the restless sea !  
    This saddened mood I will lay aside :  
Young heart, glide on with no treachery,  
    God grant, to wreck thee o'er life's broad tide !  
On, on in hope, to the mystery  
Of the great horizon that is to be.



## DAN CUPID AND THE SCULPTOR.

As little Dan Cupid, in search of new pleasure,  
Was roaming about, he espied at his ease  
A sculptor reclining, in indolent leisure,  
Beneath the cool shade of some blossoming trees.

"Oh, oh!" said young Cupid, "the time you're beguiling  
More like to a God than a mortal, I trow;  
I'm seeking diversion while there you lie smiling,  
I'll set you a task tho', my friend, ere I go."

He drew forth an arrow, and carefully taking  
His aim, let it fly at the sculptor's broad breast,  
Little thinking, sly rogue, that his mischief was making  
Such woe for himself, when he meant but a jest.

Then laughing in glee, as he saw it had taken  
Effect in the heart of his victim, he said:  
"Now he'll seek to embody his thought, and awaken  
To find that, by love, even art must look dead."

So he flew on his way, but one day, when returning  
To smile at the woe he had wickedly made,  
His Godship was very much 'mazed at discerning  
A maiden reclined where the sculptor once laid.

He let fly an arrow, but lo, it rebounded !  
Her beautiful form was unpierced by the dart.  
For a moment poor Cupid stood gazing astounded,  
Then turned him, and wandered away sad at heart.

“ My reign must be over,” he murmured, and sighing  
He sank on the ground, overwhelmed by his fate ;  
And there he sat, luckless young Deity, crying—  
All wofully mourning his fallen estate.

The trick that he played had recoiled, for the master  
Successfully sculptured his mistress alone ;  
From memory modelled each grace. Oh, disaster !  
Young Cupid had shot at a statue of stone.





## BARE BRANCHES.

HOURS fair  
    When blossoms shoot,  
Blooming May,  
Full of gay  
Longings, all a holiday ;  
    Autumn brings the ripened fruit,  
And the Winter branches bare.

Summer flies,  
    And we must dream ;  
When we wake,  
Dry leaves shake,  
And no light is on the lake,  
    Save the pallid harvest beam ;  
Gathering it in, life dies.

We are grey  
    And bent with care ;  
Hard-won fame  
Gilds our name ;  
Fortune comes, the fickle dame !  
    But youth's leaves have fall'n, and bare  
Are our hearts of hope to-day.

Ah ! what then,  
 Tho' life is lone ?  
 Shall we mourn  
 Trials borne ;  
 Weep to see, in ripened corn,  
 Death's bright sickle ? We have sown  
 In the sunshine, like true men.

It is past,  
 The sowing time ;  
 We have been,  
 Now the keen  
 Steel must cut us down unseen.  
 Let it find us ripe with rhyme,  
 Singing songs unto the last.

All our strength  
 Was spent to till  
 Souls of men.  
 Grieve not then  
 That our Spring is gone, for when  
 We have wrought what God hath willed,  
 He shall give us rest at length.



## A FOOTPRINT.

THE sunset falls across the sea,  
And on the sands where we have strayed  
Is set—a touching sight to me—  
The tiny print thy foot has made.

Is it not sweet, this summer air ?  
Art thou not loath to leave the scene  
Where dying sunbeams in thy hair  
Have crowned thee like a youthful queen ?

Draw closer, dear ; no olden sign,  
No phantom of a bygone bliss,  
Can rise between us—thou art mine  
First, only love, by this fond kiss.

So, raise thine eyes, nor make reply,  
I read the language of thy soul :  
The tender glance, the long-drawn sigh,  
Fill me with rapture past control.

Oh, love ! the sea will wash thy tread  
From the smooth surface of the sand,  
But in my heart I'll place instead  
The impress of thy lily hand.

**LORD, KEEP US IN THY FOLD.**

**LORD, keep us in Thy fold !**

**The evening mist  
Clouds our dim vision.**

**Lo ! we would resist,  
But sin is strong : in early youth we stray,  
'Mid mirth and folly, from the narrow way,  
And in our middle age comes love of gold ;  
Our hearts grow cold,**

**And so we stray from Thee,  
Until we are alone  
In a desolate zone  
On a frozen sea.**

## SUMMER EVE.

## A FRAGMENT.

OH, pleasant summer time, sweet scent of flowers !

How ye recall those halcyon days of hope,  
When, looking forward but to sunny hours,

The earth a temple seemed, the starry cope  
That nightly shone a glass wherein to see,  
With speechless awe, bright works of Deity ;  
When stirred were those deep chords of pure delight

Which throbbed in our first parents' breasts when they  
Beheld the solemn beauty of the night—

The first calm night, when the resplendent day  
From Eden's rosy bowers had silent passed away.

# COCKLE SHELLS.

SEE, they gather pebbles  
 On the shore  
 Evermore,  
 Curly-headed rebels,  
 As we did of yore.

And we pace with longing  
 O'er the stones  
 To the thrones  
 Where our thoughts are thronging,  
 While the ocean moans.

Onward to ambition,  
 Forts of sand  
 From the strand,  
 Heedless of tradition,  
 Built on no man's land.

At the children smiling,  
 Happy sport  
 Holding naught  
 That the time is whiling,  
 Without care or thought.

List, when ocean rages  
 In weird spells  
 How it tells  
 We, children of all ages,  
 But gather cockle shells.



## THE BEACH.

ON the beach, as the night was falling,  
I stood and looked out to sea,  
But the thought of the past was galling,  
And the future dark to me.

There the waves were tossing and breaking  
In a never-ending strife,  
And they seemed to my fancy taking  
The form of this weary life ;

For they gathered and dashed in fury  
On the rocky, senseless shore,  
But to break into spray as surely,  
And be seen again no more :

Till I thought how those waves of ocean  
Resembled the men who make  
Into levers each grand emotion  
The wrongs of the world to shake.

They too, with as little effected,  
Sink down in the evening grey,  
With their toil for mankind rejected,  
O'erwhelmed by the weary day.

As the wave that is spent and broken  
 On the rock it strives to rend;  
 So they die, with their grief unspoken—  
 Are brave to the bitter end.

Then, upon the horizon darkling,  
 As the twilight dimmer grew,  
 On a sudden a light was sparkling,  
 A beam of a golden hue.

And it gleamed still brighter and brighter,  
 Till it seemed to mark the goal  
 Of ambition. It was but a lighter  
 That guarded the dang'rous shoal.

As the blaze of a human passion  
 It died, leaving ocean drear,  
 And I looked from the light men fashion  
 Where the evening star shone clear.

And my mind grew calm, as a vision  
 Of truth that was hid before  
 Dawned calmly; all indecision  
 Was passed, and I feared no more.

For I saw that no life was wasted—  
 That the strife was not in vain—  
 Of the bitterness Christ had tasted  
 His servants must not complain.

That each wave of pure thought was wearing  
 The coast line of sin—each song,  
 Each noble effort, was tearing  
 Some fragments from ancient wrong.

On life's sea all the lights shine redly ;  
Its rocks and its shoals increase ;  
The strife of ambition is deadly,  
Its battle will never cease.

Then, scorning all mean endeavour,  
And blenching not from the strife,  
Let us do the deeds that for ever  
Will live in our after life.

Thus I thought, and a soul all deathless,  
That lived not its life in vain,  
In melody spoke, and breathless  
I drank in the glorious strain.



## CREED.

MAN bringeth evil from the good God soweth  
 Broadcast within the land,  
 And when the harvest unto fulness groweth,  
 Blameth most impiously the Giver's hand.

Strife enters the fair house wherein Peace dwelleth,  
 Sects all dissentient rise ;  
 Instead of unity of voices, swelleth  
 Wild discord to the truth-illuminated skies.

Each preacher has some dearly-cherished theory,  
 Some stone in place of bread,  
 On which he speculates till heads are weary,  
 And all but base fanaticism dead.

Or, out of pure religion grows a quarrel,  
 And men personify  
 The right we long for, showing us their moral,  
 Heaven's sacred precepts leaving, *sine die*.

So we believe upon the bishop, praying  
 As doth the Church may be,  
 Or place the priesthood 'twixt, all power swaying,  
 Our free-born souls and God's infinity.

Then stand ye back, mere mortals hiding glory,  
 Still doubting, unsufficed,  
 We long to hear the old heart-stirring story,  
 To look upon the face of living Christ.

Ye mean us well, yet trust not earthly learning,  
Its gain but proves your loss ;  
Nor strive about the road when ye are turning  
Souls from destruction to the Saviour's cross.

From life to death, from death to resurrection,  
He sent not one away ;  
No broken hearts by Him e'er met rejection—  
He led them into everlasting day.

The children at His knee, the robber dying—  
None looked to Him in vain ;  
Upon the cross He heard the sinner's crying  
Amid the darkness and His own great pain.

Then war not ye, but all distinctions sinking,  
Vague theories, let them pass,  
And when from the Eternal Fountain drinking,  
Care not about the fashion of the glass.

And earth will honour, and no voice of chiding  
Twixt brethren shall run,  
Until ye stand without a doubt dividing,  
All mysteries made clear, new life begun.





## STORM.

THE rain descended loud and fast,  
The lightning flashed with sudden glare,  
And in the lurid light it cast  
Our faces all looked full of care.

Depressed and sad, we sat and thought  
Of storms that break o'er life's bright day;  
Slight forms, with love and beauty fraught,  
Swept by its tempest far away.

And visions of the morning sped  
Through hearts that felt the evening near;  
Vague dreams of childhood, long since fled,  
Drew from our eyes a silent tear.

The clouds were passing : musing still,  
We marked it not, until a beam  
Of watery sunlight, faint and chill,  
Fell on the wall, a pallid stream.

Then starting up, we gazed, and lo  
It strengthened, and behold on high  
There arched a glorious tinted bow  
That seemed a ladder to the sky.

And so in fancy did we climb,  
Drawing unto our God more near,  
Till on the height we stood sublime,  
And felt no longer any fear.

The thunder now no longer broke  
In dreadful echo on our ears—  
It was the voice of peace that spoke,  
While Nature shed but happy tears.

Thus faith, that rainbow of the soul,  
Rising from earth, doth arch on high,  
Until it gains the glorious goal,  
And melts in the eternal sky.





## THE NIGHTINGALE.

BIRD, whose sweet voice is heard at night, sing on  
With heart that almost breaks in every note.  
Thy song doth float  
Up to the mystery of starlight wan,

Until a part of their pale glory seems  
Mixed with thy singing, and they throb, and throb,  
As with a sob  
Thy strains ascend like to the poet's dreams.

And while I listen, aspiration, woe,  
Is poured from thy full throat in melody,  
Harmoniously,  
A tide of sateless longing forth doth flow.

Methinks thou look'st unto those stars as we  
Who throw the head back from an aching breast,  
Thy soft unrest  
Arouseth melancholy like the sea.

Visions of innocence and early love,  
The tearful thoughts of days that ne'er return,  
O thou dost yearn,  
That makes thy melody to soar above

All other songsters : heart of man or bird  
Attains its noblest, when it doth aspire,  
With no desire,  
But to pour out its wealth of sound unheard.

It is the truth of poesy, thy song  
Is sung not to the world. Oh ! sweet to hear,  
And drop a tear,  
As it floats past me to the angel throng.

Sing, sing thy song of life, such words should be  
That seek to gather up the souls of men,  
Breathed o'er them, then,  
Drifting on spotless to eternity.



## A VISION.

I HEARD the songs that angel lips were singing,  
And marked the shimmer of their garments white,  
Looked on the golden harps whose music ringing  
Made beautiful the night.

I saw the light which gleamed upon their faces,  
The ray of heav'n-given genius was there,  
But never grief of failure left its traces,  
All with bright hope were fair.

Yet, in the surges of the music, wonder  
Filled me, for those whose voices were most sweet  
Fell suddenly, their harp strings rent asunder,  
Down on the shining street.

And 'mid the glittering band was never sorrow ;  
Tear fell not, and no sigh was breathed, but still,  
On through that endless day without a morrow,  
Their song flowed like a rill.

It ever sweeter grew, louder and stronger,  
While grander forms arose before mine eyes,  
Until I gazed on them in fear no longer,  
Filled with a strange surprise.

What were they?—those new forms whose golden tresses  
Floated like sunlight glancing pure and free,  
As when at eve it lavishes caresses  
On the expanding sea.

What but the spirits who, by their own fire  
 Consumed, had fallen, soul-rent, to fresh worth  
 And vaster wealth of longing and desire,  
 Risen up in second birth ;

With harps whose shattered cords were more enduring,  
 Eyes that could pierce to truth with stronger gaze,  
 To which the beautiful was more alluring,  
 Singing still grander lays ?

So fell they and so rose, methought. Then speaking,  
 I asked, with trembling heart and bated breath,  
 What is it I behold ? for we are seeking  
 On earth to 'scape from Death.

The angel smiled, and answered, " He can never  
 Enter our realm, what thou hast seen is change ;  
 That love and beauty should increase for ever,  
 Seems it to thee so strange ?

" Progression is God's law ; higher and higher  
 A spirit that doth love the truth shall soar,  
 Till, stronger made by each consuming fire,  
 It learneth to adore

" With perfect adoration, all transcending,  
 And every good gift risen up anew,  
 While in one life all purity is blending,  
 Shining within God's view."

## THE MORNING STAR.

STAR of the morning, beautiful and bright,  
 Dost thou not cast thy rays afar, as when  
 A prophet arises among men,  
 And cries,  
 "Lo, darkness dies,  
 All hail the glory of the living light !"

And, like unto the Baptist, ever bring  
 Tidings of joy to stream upon the earth,  
 Art thou not glad forerunner of the king  
 Of day, as he of the great Saviour's birth ?  
 Is there not symbolised  
 In majesty disguised  
 Many a mystery,  
 Hid just so deep, man's mind  
 Must search with thought to find  
 The living history  
 In stars and woodland nooks,  
 God's open books ?

On the young dawn thou smilest  
 When the light is dim and grey,  
 And the shadows lurk and play  
 In the valleys ;  
 And thy orb paling, paling,  
 In the brightening heavens sailing,

Is like a sainted face,  
Smiling from its dwelling place  
    On the birth  
    Of a new day for the earth,  
Spotless, free from every stain.

Now thou fadest in the sunrise,  
•But still thy welcome gleam  
Shall be viewed by rough men's eyes  
    Who toil within the mine.  
    As they watch the golden stream  
    Of thy pure and hopeful beam,  
In their hearts a sense shall rise  
Of a holy Paradise—  
    They shall hold thy light divine.

Thus shall beauty never fade,  
    But the shadows on the grass  
And the light of heaven above  
    Symbolise some glorious thing,  
    Render praise unto their King,  
In men's hearts awaken love.



## STAGNATION.

**T**HERE are caverns for the soul, mortal made,  
 Where schemes are rolled  
**I**nto darkness, as the Spartan children laid  
 Of old  
**I**n the cave of Taygètus for some defect, lying  
 Dying ;  
 Tints which might o'erspread the heaven  
 Touch with sudden fiery leaven  
 Mighty deeds that might be wrought,  
 Faint and helpless, die in thought.

Through their gloomy paths, lighted by a gleam  
 All grey and chill,  
 On and on, beside a black and sluggish stream,  
 No will  
 Left to guide my falt'ring steps, all is hollow seeming,  
 Dreaming,  
 Why my eyelids would not fall ;  
 For day dreams in vain I call,  
 No bright fancies can bedeck  
 Such a scene of wrack and wreck.

Giant and distorted forms, chaos dread,  
 Of hope bereft,  
 A mind stagnant as the blood of those long dead,  
 Naught left ;  
 Every great inspiration, once so fondly cherished,  
 Perished ;

With each speechless, murdered thought,  
Face to face despairing brought,  
And my heart, once bright and gay,  
Now as cold and stark as they.

From such a scene of horror back I shrink ;  
Better turmoil.  
Life, tho' weary, is a Paradise to think  
And toil,  
Shaping longings into deeds for aye, with deep yearning  
Burning.  
At the anvil let me stand  
Labouring with brain and hand ;  
Long I now no more for rest,  
Living hope and work are best.



## THE OAK AND THE IVY.

SAID the stately Oak to the Ivy :

“Come, cling round my trunk so strong,  
And we will be blithe together  
Through the days of sunshine long ;

“And whenever the winter cometh  
Thou shalt by my strength then be  
Upheld, 'mid the wind that rages,  
Safe, love, as you cling to me.”

When the tender young Ivy heard him,  
Her tendrils trembled, and she  
Crept shyly up for protection,  
And hung on the mighty tree.

She had loved him long from a distance  
As something kingly and grand,  
Had watched the birds in his branches  
From the peaceful forest land ;

But now she might climb to the stately  
Height whereat those branches part,  
Recline on his massy bosom,  
And feel the beat of his heart.

So they grew in the summer weather,  
The Ivy and Oak, and still  
He held her safe from the tempest  
When the winter winds blew chill ;

Till, the storm clouds gathering darkly  
One day, amid falling rain,  
Shot out of their gloom the lightning,  
And rent his great heart in twain.

But the Ivy, tho' scorched and withered,  
Still lived, and in time, all fair,  
Crept over the shattered remnants  
That the wild storm had left there.

And she dreamed of his leafy whisper,  
In memory saw again  
The shade of his graceful branches  
That sheltered in sun or rain ;

For she loved him still in his ruin,  
And with her fresh beauty sought  
To cover the dire destruction  
The cruel lightning had wrought.

Smile not over this simple story  
Of love in the forest fair,  
Nor deem it unfounded, such ivy  
Is blossoming everywhere.



**EARTH'S IMPERFECTION.**

IN the thrilling strains of music,  
In the poet's flowing rhyme,  
Still there seemeth something wanting,  
Something greater, more sublime.

Things, however pure and lovely,  
Never reach perfection here,  
But are sent to urge us onward,  
Upward to a higher sphere.

And those longings that possess us  
For the good and for the great  
Are the strivings of the spirit  
For a purer, better state.

All the light on earth that shineth  
Is but Heaven's reflected ray ;  
For the perfect love and knowledge  
We must wait God's perfect day



## THE TRESS.

It coils round my hand like a living thing,  
With threads of gold 'mid the brown,  
This beautiful tress, o'er an angel's wing  
Are the others now floating adown.

It clings as she clung in the olden time ;  
The love in my heart throbs high,  
And I hear her voice as a ringing rhyme  
That in melody soars to the sky.

God took her—I dared not begrudge to Him  
Earth's loveliest and its best ;  
I dream of her now 'mong the seraphim,  
And my soul in the thought findeth rest.

No tears fill my eyes as I gaze again  
On the token ; 'neath the dew  
She is lying at rest from earthly pain,  
While above the lark sings out of view.

My heart is too full, and they cannot flow,  
But when I visit her grave,  
The lark as he sings seems to hear and know,  
And his song flows afar like a wave.

Then the grassy mound is my darling's nest,  
Like his, built upon the ground,  
And I hear her singing a song of rest  
Higher far than the bird's voice can sound.

And I pluck a daisy or two, and place  
Them in my breast ; why the hours  
Will pass, I shall meet with her face to face,  
Show her tress and my withered flowers.

Or perhaps they may bloom again in the land  
Where the Rose of Sharon blows,  
When all mysteries we shall understand,  
And we meet our beloved—who knows?

So I turn away and button my coat,  
With a face where none can read  
That I hold true love to be worth a groat,  
Or such fancies as these ever heed.



## FAREWELL TO THE SUMMER.

FAREWELL, thou bright Summer,  
 The scent of the flowers  
 Is passing away  
 From thy late blooming bowers ;  
 The roses lie withered,  
 Their beauty all fled,  
 And the fragrant lily  
 Is hanging its head.

Farewell, thou art dying ;  
 Soon over thy bier  
 Shall eyes that lament  
 Drop in silence a tear.  
 Will they, in their sorrow,  
 Know such bitter pain  
 As I feel for hopes faded,  
 To bloom not again ?

In many a joyous  
 Remembrance they find  
 A balm for the wounds  
 Of the sorrowful mind.  
 My heart in its anguish  
 But utters a cry,  
 With the Summer of nature  
 And hope, let me die.

All joy has departed ;  
Oh, like the sweet flowers  
That fall broken-hearted  
In Summer's bright bowers,  
Before the cold Winter's  
Approach, let me fly,  
In the last blush of sunset,  
To peacefully die !

Thine eyes will be tearless,  
Thou wilt not lament ;  
Yet, murmuring, I love thee—  
I'll die well content.  
And a song of thy praises  
Shall, ere I depart,  
As the blossoms' last fragrance,  
Well forth from my heart.



## JASMINE.

BUT a faint, sweet scent of jasmine,  
But a shower of blossoms pale,  
In the silence sadly falling,  
Drifting on the evening gale.

One long ray of sunlight, leaving  
Day's last kiss to fondly burn  
On the brow of Nature, glowing  
Over mosses, flowers, and fern.

Yet a thrill of sudden anguish  
Flashes through my mind, and lo,  
Thoughts I understand not, dreamy  
Longings, drown my soul in woe !

And a sense of sateless yearning,  
Vision of a nobler life,  
Sound of airy voices calling,  
Fills my mind with bitter strife.

As the rock, 'mid deserts smitten,  
Gave its waters to the eye,  
So my soul, by nature softened,  
Melts to tears, I know not why.



## ON THE GRAVE OF MRS. BROWNING.

HUSH ! let the twilight fall  
Upon her grave, nor break by idle speech  
The holy calm that resteth over all,  
There is no language can more purely teach.

Stand for a while and think ;  
Let the familiar words that she once spoke  
Bring quiet memories, joining link to link,  
Till the soul's grandest echoes are awoke.

Break not the silence then,  
But suffer love that she hath nobly won  
From tender women and deep-thinking men  
To grow still greater—God hath said, "Well done."

She stood beside a grave,  
And told us of a spirit passed away :  
To him who there was lain such praises gave  
That any praise of ours is poor to-day.

Yet, do these tears, perchance,  
Show something of the reverence we feel,  
Tho' lacking eloquence which should enhance  
The value of the grief that they reveal.

Still, let them flow unchecked,  
 The only tribute we can pay, save when  
 Her words spring in the heart not wholly wrecked,  
 And live in labour for our fellow men.

Not lost, this leader : she  
 Was true unto the last—her kindly breast  
 Was ever full of longings great and free,  
 Ne'er cold unto the cry of the oppressed.

Lo ! she is singing still ;  
 Those tones were never hushed—they still aspire,  
 For, when God called her from all earthly ill,  
 He said not “Cease thy song,” but “Friend, come  
 higher.”

So, turn and pass away—  
 Pass from her grave whose words possessed such  
 power ;  
 We leave it at the peaceful close of day,  
 Hoping to meet her in the sunrise hour.



## THE SEARCH FOR FAME.

LORD, give me fame, I pray, the artist cries  
With mournful voice and accents of despair,  
The passion for his art that never dies  
Lighting his stricken soul with sudden glare.

As toiling onward in the rugged way,  
Beaten by many a weary foot, he sees  
How infinite the cares of his to-day,  
How surely dawn the morrow's miseries.

A modern Ixion, stretched upon the wheel,  
Ascending and descending as it turns,  
But raised on high, that he the more may feel  
The fiery heart which underneath it burns.

A Tantalus, condemned for evermore  
To gaze upon the food he may not taste,  
Seeing, as he draws nigh, Fame's open door  
Closed, and his utmost efforts wholly waste.

Naught but indifference he meets, but still  
Struggles to gain the goal his youth discerned,  
Opposing failure with strength of will,  
Tho' only ashes rest where hope once burned.

He, in his dreams, beholds the fame that ne'er  
Gilded his waking life, and with a start  
Rises to find those visions but a fair  
Delusion, and to feel more sick at heart.

And so, from day to night, from night to day,  
 Life is a fever fit past all control ;  
 Waking or sleeping dreams, a long array,  
 Phantasmagoria-like, sweep o'er his soul.

Yet doth he love his art. Ah ! who shall tell,  
 Tho' dread suspense and woe it oft must bring  
 Unto his wrung and yearning breast, how well ?  
 Holding it dear as any living thing.

It is to him as early love to youth,  
 Precious as hoarded gold a miser views ;  
 He knows it full of beauty and of truth,  
 And yet unto the world it vainly sues.

Oh, pain beyond conception ! woe indeed,  
 Deep agony of genius, martyred mind !  
 To waste life's fruit on those who will not heed—  
 For ever show a light to men stone blind.



## IN THE OLD TIME.

I DREW a strain of music

From a harp that had not sounded for long years,  
And the notes awakened sweetest memories,  
Yet past smiles but moved my tears.

I gazed upon a flower,

A violet, once so fragrant, faded now,  
And sunlight of the days when it was gathered  
Shone on me—I hid my brow.

I heard a rippling river

I had wandered beside often—felt the breath  
Of happy bygone hours fan my forehead—  
It flowed to the sea of death.

I read an ancient volume—

“The Son of God knew not where to lay His head,”  
Yet hath He given us balm for every sorrow ;  
Death is but new life, I said.



## THE PYRAMIDS.

Out of the sand that heaped about their base  
Lies, mingled with the marble time has torn  
From their huge bulk, the records of a race  
Haughty of heart—these stairways rise forlorn.

High o'er the desert round them do they tower—  
Raised 'mid the weary brow, the panting breath—  
Awful examples of tyrannic power,  
Each pile a stately palace built for death.

Within them sits corruption, and without  
The tempest beats, and in a golden tide  
The grains of sand still gather high about  
The useless monuments of human pride.

Where are the hands that built, the hearts that beat  
And broke beneath the burden of the years  
In which they rose—the many weary feet  
That laboured up them amid groans and tears?

The wretched lives of toil, which never brought  
Profit or pleasure to the worker's hand—  
Where hopeless effort banished hopeful thought,  
Making souls flat and barren as the land,

Save where, from out the desert of the mind  
 Rose, as they built, a pyramid of wrong,  
 Where every ruthless step was sealed and signed  
 With lamentations of a helpless throng ?

They are at rest within the unknown land ;  
 The master and the slave alike are dust ;  
 Gone, at that dread tribunal to stand,  
 Whither all earthly pride or suffering must.

But still across the desert falls a shade  
 From the vast masses when the morning climbs  
 O'er the horizon, and at eve displayed,  
 Rests that dark shadow of the former times.

So, all of evil or of good we raise  
 Over the broad'ning plain we leave behind  
 Shall cast its semblance o'er the coming days  
 To rest a curse or blessing on mankind.

For there are pyramids of pain and woe,  
 Each stone a mighty wrong, where every stair  
 Helps t'wards a noble spirit's overthrow,  
 By crushing something that is pure and fair.

Broad are the masses' backs—an ample space  
 Is filled by the foundations of a land ;  
 Yet leave them hollow and devoid of grace,  
 The towering edifice will cease to stand.

The base of such a column should not be  
A cave of darkness : those who in the night  
Grove blindly after knowledge—liberty,  
Are apt to kindle conflagration's light.

We cannot all be equal, but at least  
Let those who labour hard be clothed and fed,  
And while preparing for ourselves a feast,  
Allow them, if no more, their daily bread.

So shall the nation be compact of will ;  
The politician's best and wisest creed  
Is justice to the people ; every ill  
Drains our great land's resources in its need.





## THE RIVER.

BUBBLING up a silver fountain,  
At its source the river springs,  
Rushing down from out the mountain  
To the valley, where it brings  
Thoughts of gladness  
Or of sadness,  
As the heart laments or sings.

Sounds unknown rise with its rising  
As it wanders on its way,  
Still it chants a song comprising  
Many a quaint and unknown lay,  
That unheeded  
Oft hath speeded  
On its current day by day.

Restless river, onward streaming,  
Are thy words I hear at last  
Wild farewells? and art thou dreaming  
Only of the shadowy past,  
Or thy flashing  
Waters dashing  
Gladly to the ocean vast?

Who shall say, when life's dark river  
 Chafeth in the human breast,  
 That in mercy the Great Giver  
 Makes not ocean manifest  
 As a token  
 That the broken  
 Heart at last shall find its rest?

Now, methinks, I hear the murmur,  
 Feel my weary soul more free,  
 And my troubled heart grow firmer;  
 That majestic smile I see,  
 Which, the rolling  
 Waves controlling,  
 Lulled the storm on Galilee.

Oh, thou river! life is gushing,  
 As thy wavelets doth it fleet  
 On 'mid passions, sorrows rushing  
 Till it stilleth at the feet  
 Of Messiah,  
 Drawing nigher,  
 Calmed by His compassion sweet.

Round my soul I feel you sweeping,  
 Turbid waves: the stream of life  
 Has for me borne sounds of weeping,  
 And been full of rugged strife—  
 Sad, with broken  
 Words unspoken  
 Of an untold story rife.

Yet a dream, still sorely needed,  
Many a heart hides dead and cold;  
Chords once thrilling jarred unheeded,  
Painful, tho' the wounds be old;  
All are mourning  
Till the dawning  
Paints the east in ruddy gold.

Ye who read this broken story  
Look unto the dawning light,  
Think upon the coming glory—  
Christ shall banish dreary night,  
And, arisen,  
Break our prison,  
Loving souls for aye unite.



## AN EVENING FANCY.

SEE, between the budding branches,  
 Where the opal clouds flit by,  
 Edged with golden sunset glory,  
 O'er the peaceful evening sky.

Look, yon rift that opes so widely,  
 Is it not a pearly gate,  
 'Neath whose arch a pitying angel  
 Might repentant sinners wait ?

How the dark and sombre shadows  
 Fly before the dying ray  
 Of the great sun, sinking, sinking,  
 And in beauty ends the day !

Now the heavens grow calmer, calmer—  
 E'en the wind has ceased to sigh,  
 Till the tints are blending, fading  
 In the hushed serenity.

Yonder black cloud passeth melting ;  
 They who kissed the chastening rod  
 Leave earth's darkness for the splendour  
 Streaming round the throne of God.

## PARTED.

AH, love ! I mourn for thee with all the fancies  
 That filled my heart in younger, happier days—  
 The hopeful dreams, the foolish, fond romances,  
 The glance at meeting and the parting gaze.

I mourn for thee with all the inward yearning  
 Unto the great and good my spirit knew  
 In those bright days so full of peace, when learning  
 From thy companionship thoughts pure and true.

With all that might have been, if Fate had given  
 Me such an angel ever by my side—  
 The noble aspirations, tossed and riven  
 By passion's wind, and 'whelmed beneath the tide.

The deadly hatred that I bear my being,  
 When from the path thou trod'st my footsteps stray—  
 Wild agony of passion—the All-seeing  
 Alone doth know I mourn thee night and day.

Oh ! what a life of strong and great endeavour  
 Might have been mine—how well the battle fought !  
 But it has past—that time gone, gone for ever,  
 And the dead possible is but a thought.

A thought that oft doth fill my mind with anguish,  
 And plough my very heart with deep despair ;  
 Before whose memory my soul doth languish  
 With every passing breath of summer air.

It never can return—the dawning glory  
 Has passed, and left my life all pale and chill ;  
 Its youthful visions are but as a story  
 Told, yet the evening splendour may be still.

Ah ! God forgive the wasted soul, the sorrow,  
 The wavering of a mind without an aim ;  
 And tho' the dawn of life can have no morrow,  
 Grant me a sunset golden, all aflame.

Methinks, as I awaken, from the madness  
 That bound my spirit like an evil thing,  
 To softer feelings, falling through their sadness,  
 I hear the rustling of an angel's wing.

And as I mourn for thee, there's comfort gleaming  
 Across my soul—peace even perhaps for me ;  
 Wasted and sad, the river still is streaming  
 On to the everlasting jasper sea.

Lo ! He is gracious, tho' my heart was erring,  
 And sank when all it prized was reft by fate ;  
 Perchance, with life, and love, and genius stirring,  
 We yet may meet within the pearly gate.





### BOAT SONG.

SEE the sunset glowing  
In the tide below,  
Flowing, gently flowing,  
As we onward row.  
Watch its glory dying  
In the distant west,  
Hear her soft voice sighing  
Whom we love the best.

Hours of silent pleasure  
Pass as seconds by  
In such tranquil leisure  
'Neath the fading sky.  
Words we scarcely utter,  
Whispered joyously,  
The bright tide doth mutter  
To the distant sea.

Now, a trail of splendour  
From the silver moon  
Falls more vaguely tender  
Than the light of noon ;

And like wavelets dashing,  
As the stars arise,  
Lovelight, sudden flashing,  
Sparkles in our eyes.

Who can keep the thrilling  
Heart in such an hour  
Proud, unmoved, and chilling,  
Owning not its power—  
While the moonbeams gleaming  
In the waters play,  
And across a beaming  
Face fair tresses stray?



## THE "HECKLA."

## A BALLAD OF THE CRIMEAN WAR.

'Twas the *Heckla* ship of war,  
Full of men, their country's boast ;  
And with pride the captain saw  
Each stanch seaman at his post.

Standing grimly, every man  
With cool resolution fraught,  
For Bomarsund straight they ran,  
There to shell the Russian fort.

Soon the guns began to play,  
Shrieking flew the iron hail,  
But the foemen stood that day  
Firm, their courage did not fail.

Dauntlessly they sent us back  
Shot for shot and shell for shell ;  
Of munition was no lack,  
Each man did his duty well.

Fast the Russians bit the dust,  
But fresh soldiers took their place ;  
'Twas no day for swords to rust,  
Death and they were face to face.

On the *Hackla's* deck there fell  
Suddenly, with hissing sound,  
Redly glowing match, a shell  
Ready to deal havoc round.

Right among the men it lay,  
And a moment more had seen  
On the list of killed that day  
Many gallant names, I ween.

But a middy ran and took  
It ; no thought of fear had he,  
Not a muscle of him shook,  
As he cast it in the sea.

Soon the fortress was on fire,  
High the flames leaped in the air,  
Like the mighty funeral pyre  
Of the brave dead lying there.

All was done, the *Hackla* weighed,  
With her consorts steamed away ;  
Round her bows the water played,  
O'er her streamed the early day.

Gallantly our veterans fight ;  
'Tis no wonder that they should,  
When our boys within their sight  
Do such deeds of hardihood.



## PEACEFUL HOURS.

IN the stillness that succeeds  
To the busy hum of day,  
When life's tide no longer speeds  
On, 'mid whirling foam and spray ;

When its current finds repose,  
And the waters, calm and deep,  
Glide away from earthly woes,  
To the quiet lake of sleep—

Then I wander forth alone,  
For I love the hour full well  
When no uncongenial tone  
Breaks on Nature's mystic spell ;

When the world seems far away,  
And the peace it cannot give  
Shines in a benignant ray  
From the stars on all who live.

In the stillness I rejoice :  
 All the earth is calm and fair  
 And I hear a whispered voice,  
 As of universal prayer.

• Day is full of cares unknown,  
 And once more my feet have trod  
 Thro' its maze, to be alone  
 With the evening and with God ;

And my spirit doth arise  
 From its cares, for all the land  
 Shows His might who holds the skies  
 And the seas within His hand.

So my weariness departs :  
 In the night I see that peace  
 Which shall fall on steadfast hearts  
 When He bids life's tempest cease.





## THE MEETING OF THE SEASONS.

THE day is gloomy, and the warm, damp air  
Hangs on the leafless branches like a dew ;  
The mist is coloured somewhat as the fair  
Sunlight strives to break through.

There is a richness in the mournful scene,  
A vague expectance, as of those who hear,  
While o'er a dying friend they sadly lean,  
The step of death draw near.

So Nature waits, while Winter's breath of mist  
Rises ; then through the atmosphere doth shine  
A presence that he dares not to resist,  
A light almost divine.

How wondrous is the day ! Now, hand in hand,  
We watch the Spring and Winter for a while  
Upon the top of Time's vast mountain stand,  
Exchange a loving smile ;

And recognise how near akin are life  
And death ; mark how God's power doth gently raise  
The eternal fabric, bringing peace from strife,  
Bright sunshine out of haze.

Day, half of tears, half gladness—sacred page,  
Wherein is written, as on every leaf  
Of Nature, title to a heritage  
That holds no sign of grief!

We read thy message, and our hearts beat high ;  
Hope bears us on ; amid the scent of flowers  
That soon shall burst the ground we see the sky  
Radiant o'er summer bowers.

Thus, earthly beauty leads the dreaming soul  
Unto the universal altar—there,  
By what it sees, to picture the grand whole,  
And kneel in silent prayer.



# SONNETS.



## DAWN.

THE dawn creeps slowly o'er the dull, grey sky—  
 Another day begins, but from my soul  
 The rosy light of morning cannot roll  
 The clouds of life, and with a weary sigh  
 I look upon its glory, till a voice  
 Speaks in my breast those words of wondrous might  
 Pronounced of old, and saith "Let there be light!"  
 And rising up, my spirit dares rejoice,  
 Answering it with a cry of love and trust :  
 I know that on my life the dawn will shine  
 When it is good. I seek not to divine  
 The unknown future, earth and earthly dust  
 Obscure my vision ; be it so, to rest  
 Upon the "Lord of daybreak" is more blest.

## NO MORE.

THE early summer sunlight fills the air ;  
'Tis such a day as memory loves to keep  
Locked in those caves where echo, half asleep,  
Murmurs but faintly, and the vision fair  
That floats before our fancy seems to be  
Part of another life, for which we feel  
A gentle pity through our bosom steal,  
Nor recognise its stern reality,  
Till, with a sudden start, we find the pain  
Of those dread words, "no more," eternal past :  
The path 'mid pleasant fields where we once trod  
Is closed for ever, and our feet again  
Shall never wander o'er the glowing plain  
Of that lost Eden only known to God.

## FALLEN BLOSSOMS.

Now doth majestic twilight steal apace  
Upon the tall laburnums' feathery crest,  
And zephyrs, sighing from the fading west,  
Where day lies dying, stir with gentle grace  
Their yellow blossoms ; like the shower of gold  
That fell on Danæ in the ancient lore  
Of heathen Greece, that we believe no more,  
They float to earth, and as a story told  
The day has passed. On nature's glowing breast,  
O joyous blossoms, lie, your life is sped,  
And in the twilight hour ye are at rest,  
While your companions tremble overhead.  
Yet, symbols of the bliss that cannot stay,  
Who weeps not bitter tears that ye have passed away ?

## SLEEP.

I CANNOT wake thee, maiden : standing by  
     Thy sleeping form I scarcely breathe, lest sound  
     From the material world that lies around  
 Should draw thee back to consciousness, and I  
     Smile at the pride of would-be sages when  
     Looking upon a problem past their ken  
 In thee, O slumbering maiden ! Lo, a cry,  
     A touch, and thou art with me ! but from where ?  
 What know I of thy secret wanderings now ?  
 I gaze in awe upon thy tranquil brow,  
     Seeing thy coral lips, thy wavy hair,  
 And turn away ; I feel thou art as far  
 Above me as some lone and lovely star,  
 Nor with presumptuous hand God's mystery dare to mar.

## SELF-CONTROL.

DEATH and Eternity rule over earth,  
And in the struggle of the finite we  
The dawning of the infinite may see.  
As from the narrow grave springs a new birth,  
And out of buried seed sweet flowers arise,  
While earth's decay but breedeth its increase,  
And the great universe moves on in peace,  
Revealing not its motion to our eyes—  
So, from the graves that lie within the breast,  
Where happy dreams and hopes are hid from sight,  
Watered by tears, doth rise a form of might,  
Calm as a vision of incarnate rest ;  
And as wild passions' tide-waves backward roll,  
We greet affliction's first-born—self-control.

## LOVE.

THEY mention love too lightly, knowing not  
That which they babble of ; some transient flame,  
Selfishness, and conceit, to which the name  
No more belongs, as a poor grassless spot  
Is called a field ; but love is seldom seen  
That makes its object sacred—next to God :  
Holding the very ground which she hath trod  
Enchanted, and herself the fairy queen.  
If thou hast ever felt such bliss, beware !  
It comes but once : if thou hast shrunk to tell  
Her name to others, loving it too well  
To breathe it unto any not as fair  
In soul as she—mix not thy heart with leaven  
Of meaner passions, thou hast known a love direct from  
heaven.

## GHOSTS OF THE PAST.

Oh ! glorious resurrection of the days  
That lie within the past, when time, and scene,  
The heaven's bright azure, and the fields fresh green,  
Return unaltered to our longing gaze ;  
We walk amid your splendour, till a flood  
Of recollections throng upon the soul,  
Moving us from habitual self-control,  
And our wild throbbing hearts weep tears of blood.  
Bright days, ye cannot bring the forms we knew,  
Ye are but as the corse of one laid dead ;  
The light of loving eyes, alas ! is fled ;  
Your sunlight summons only ghosts to view,  
Then on your utmost radiance falls the night,  
And ye have mocked us with a lost delight.

## FLEECY CLOUD.

FLOAT past, O fleecy cloud, upon the breeze,  
And as thou glidest on thy peaceful way,  
Hang for a moment o'er the stately trees  
Beneath whose shade we met that summer day :  
That glorious day, when love, and life, and song  
Were ours, and Nature, in a gentle mood,  
Blessed her fair children, while a joyous throng  
Of thoughts, that we ourselves scarce understood,  
Flooded our souls, and all the law we knew  
That we were happy then. Now, cloud, sail by—  
Sail on—and on—across the azure sky,  
Give thy pale tint and wavering form to view,  
While bright eyes watch thee pass through glowing  
spheres,  
For lo, mine own are blind with falling tears.

## FAIR LILY.

FAIR lily, by yon crystal river's brink,  
    Bending so gracefully before the wind  
    That touches thy pale cheeks, joying to find  
Thine image in the water, yet I think  
    Withdrawing, as a maiden in her hair  
    Vails blushes from her own reflection there—  
At least, so did my love ; and stealing by,  
    I stopped, and o'er her shoulder gazing too,  
    Met in the depths below her eyes of blue,  
Dancing with mirth and mischief. What could I  
    Do—the gay wind had taught me as it strayed  
Among the flowers, and breathed its gentle sigh—  
    But thank kind fortune for a moment's bliss,  
And take from rosy lips a fragrant kiss ?

## MAIDENS.

We are scarce worthy of such love as theirs :  
They are as rosebuds folded up in moss,  
Full little knowing how the soul's fresh gloss  
Is chafed from us by many sordid cares,  
And how in climbing up Fame's broken stairs  
We feed on our own hearts, and bitterly  
Strive 'gainst the evil we would hurl away  
From the once perfect world, yet find the day  
Too short to cope with all the ill we see ;  
While they, in patient love, stand meekly by  
And give us their whole lives. Christ make us pure,  
Teach us to be true heroes and endure ;  
Arise in us, our rugged natures quell,  
Else, to allure such beings is not well.

## TO A NEW YEAR'S CARD.

THOU happy messenger, so soon to rest  
Where restless thoughts of mine do ever stray,  
To bask in sunny looks and smiles, while I  
Languish in darkness. Oh! the brightest, best  
Of life is not for me, and in the sigh  
Of soft south breezes I but hear the cry  
Of mine own heart, that yearns with feverish glow  
For fruit of Eden—love, it ne'er may know ;  
Tell her, if that my words offend her ear  
I pray for pardon, yet I cannot say  
That I do love her not, tho' even she  
Bid me ; that I should love her not would be  
Impossible, yet beg her for her grace,  
That like a glass, my heart reflects her face.



## CHRISTMAS EVE.

'Tis Christmas Eve, through Norman arches pealing,  
The grand old organ sends its solemn tone,  
Played well, I know, by one whose every feeling  
Is in the music heard by me alone.

For the quaint church is empty, not a being  
Save our two selves is left beside the dead  
That lie beneath its pavement. Night is fleeing,  
While symphonies majestic float o'er head.

They steal into my soul, and stay the aching,  
These matchless sounds ; their glory fills the air ;  
Keeping my troubled heart from wholly breaking,  
Calming the very anguish of despair.

Swelling on high, filling each lofty portal,  
Sweeping along the midnight, like a breath  
That brings from heaven glad words of the immortal—  
A song whose utter sweetness conquers death.

I sit deep wrapt in fancy, and to-morrow  
 Is to my musing mind that happy day  
 On which there dawned no shade of coming sorrow,  
 Now left behind me in my weary way.

Again a child, I listen to the singing,  
 Stand by the side of loved ones long since flown;  
 Hear, mingled with the organ voices ringing,  
 Remembered well—I cannot be alone.

And from the dusky shadow of the arches,  
 Thrown o'er the tomb of knight and lady fair,  
 A band of white-robed figures slowly marches,  
 In their pale hands triumphant palms they bear.

Oh ! they are beautiful, calm faces, gleaming  
 With light of nimbus round each noble head,  
 And over shining tresses brightly streaming,  
 These perfect living—call them not the dead !

I gaze on forms I knew when earth could sadden  
 The features that I loved left cold and lone;  
 Ah ! who shall tell how wondrously they gladden,  
 Those who have stood before the Great White Throne.

One more than all I recognise, and tremble !  
 Can it be she I longed for as my bride?  
 Like, yet unlike, these faces must resemble  
 The image of their Lord, once crucified.

Along the aisle such harmony is swelling  
 As shepherds heard, who watched their flocks by night,  
 When angel messengers to men were telling  
 That story ever full of fresh delight.

The song is ended, plaintive notes are falling,  
 As the great organ peals, from that bright throng;  
 I hear a voice for one short instant calling,  
 Then the majestic pageant sweeps along.

A moment more the band of spirits linger,  
 I see a smile as radiant as the day,  
 A heavenward glance, an upward-pointed finger,  
 And the celestial presence glides away.

The music ceases, suddenly I waken  
 From the fair dream in which my senses strayed;  
 Yet, doth the peace it gave remain unshaken—  
 To face the future am I not afraid.

I pass into the night, the stars seem nearer  
 Than when I watched them with desponding sight;  
 Deep in my breast there lies a hope far dearer  
 Than any transient ray of earthly light.

I thank the God who gave me life and being,  
 Content to tread along my lonely way;  
 To work and wait, until, the darkness fleeing,  
 Undraws the curtain of eternal day.



## THE NEW YEAR'S ALMANAC.

THE New Year's Almanac. What mystery  
Is hidden in the pages that I hold—  
Another volume of life's history,  
A tale of joy or grief as yet untold.

I turn the leaves, fluttering them carelessly—  
March, April, May, and so on, to the end—  
Powerless to change the days that have gone by,  
Knowing not whither future days shall tend.

It is as tho' a magic volume lay,  
In which was writ in characters unseen  
What is to be; blindly I tread a way  
Where yet my trembling steps have never been.

Every man's fate about his neck is bound,  
So say the Moslems, so believe I not :  
There is a voice within each natural sound  
That says to us, Ye are not God forgot.

Still o'er the stormy lake of restless Time  
Christ walks, we are not left alone to ill,  
But as we gaze, with smile of love sublime  
He saith unto our passions, "Peace be still."

And selfishness and fear of worldly loss,  
All vile temptations that but prove the rod  
To scourge themselves, drop lifeless at the Cross,  
Crushed 'neath the great unselfishness of God.

We dread the future, Lord, not lest it bring  
Sorrow to us, tho' that is sore to bear,  
But fear in some weak moment we should fling,  
By our transgression, shade o'er face so fair.

Guide us, for Thou hast known the woes of earth,  
Teach our most wayward feet to tread aright,  
Show us how little is ambition worth,  
And in Thine own good time lead us to light.

Make us to follow Thee till we forget  
Ourselves, and safely live beneath Thine eye ;  
Keep us from all temptation, Lord, and let  
This year be truly *Anno Domini*.





## A LAY OF LIFE.

I HAVE sung of hopes and fears,  
Struggle, temptation, and woe,  
A song that was full of tears  
And thoughts of the long ago ;

The passions and cares of men,  
Their visions of future joys,  
And often have used my pen  
In midst of a city's noise.

Have laboured, and mused, and dreamed,  
In the furnace toiled and wrought,  
And watched the light as it streamed  
On some newly-welded thought.

Then have seen it fade and sink,  
As my sight grew weak and dim,  
And thoughts that I fain would think  
Drop down in the ashes grim.

Risen up from its dust, and stood  
 Again in the ruddy glare,  
 Still striven t'wards the hoped-for good  
 'Mid longings, almost despair.

All weary and restless now,  
 I sigh for some distant land,  
 The shade of a leafy bough,  
 The clasp of a loving hand ;

And muse of a blissful time,  
 When my spirit roamed away  
 To a peaceful, sunny clime,  
 In a glorious dream of day.

Oh, can we have dwelt afar,  
 Long years before life began  
 Inhabited some bright star,  
 Which now from the earth we scan?

Is death, that must visit all,  
 The gleam of that golden strand  
 We almost seem to recall—  
 The path to our native land?

The sunlight of Eden, left,  
 'Mid the world's wild storms, to be  
 Held, ariel-like, in the cleft  
 Of souls that are great and free?

Till the wizard sin doth speak  
His spell ; then with mighty groan  
The fibres once strong grow weak,  
And the glorious rays are flown.

Yet still do they sometimes shine—  
In a better moment stray  
O'er our path, and their light divine  
Streams over our darkened way.

Oh, rest of a world afar !  
Bright beam from our purer days,  
Like a beautiful falling star,  
Ye fade from the yearning gaze.





## A REQUIEM.

LAY her low in her mother earth,  
Pile o'er her beautiful head the sod,  
Bright flowers from her relics shall take birth,  
And her spirit, winging its way to God,  
Draw many a longing, and hope, and prayer,  
Upward into the purer air—

Where the moonbeams so gently play  
In summer time at the midnight hour,  
Where the first bright streaks of coming day  
Steal o'er the graves with a mystic power  
That seems the prediction to thoughtful sight  
Of blessed resurrection light.

Lay her low, nor lament her loss  
More than the sorrowful heart must needs ;  
She at life's threshold has left the cross,  
To the crown of victory she succeeds ;  
And, pure as she came, she has passed away  
Into the everlasting day.



### RESPICE FINEM.

Soul, looking with such longing, tearful eyes,  
In through the gates of thy lost Paradise,  
Turn to the world's broad fields, sublime and vast—  
Peace to the past.

Bright flowers glow within, purple and gold,  
Winds play amid their blossoms manifold ;  
Yet can the glories that thou call'st divine,  
Never be thine.

Leave thy wild longings, strive not with their pain,  
But look abroad upon the open plain :  
See with what splendour in the western skies  
The evening dies.

'Then let thy dreams go by, thy hopes expire,  
Even as sunset in a sea of fire ;  
So shall thy sorrow, in rich garments clad,  
Make others glad.

And each new trial that thy life doth bring,  
But open up another living spring,  
Till thou dost give thy brethren relief,  
From out thy grief.

And Nature shall instruct thee, with her fair  
Face, that is glowing in the summer air,  
And each day's dying smile that she doth give,  
Teach thee to live.

So shalt thou tune thy thoughts to that grand key,  
The diapason of eternity ;  
Learning to sing while on life's billows borne,  
A song of dawn.

Until, forgetful of thy selfish woes,  
Thou gazest on the east, where glow the rose  
Tints of the morning, seeing with surprise,  
The sun arise.

The sun, whose setting rays shall never more  
Gleam on the waves of the eternal shore ;  
That smoothly flow without a plaintive moan  
Before the Throne.



## MIZPAH.

God watch between us when we are apart,  
 Keep us from discord, doubting ;  
 I see the beating of thy true young heart,  
 Thy sweet lips pouting.

The flowerets of romance have filled life's vase  
 Full, even to o'erflowing ;  
 But parting draweth nigh, 'tis time we pause,  
 Somewhat more knowing.

Hair that hath bound my heart, once merry eyes,  
 Strangers to glance of anger,  
 We cannot live for aye in Paradise,  
 Rapt in soft languor ;

For men must out into the world, to strike  
 And take hard blows ; maids living  
 At home, where every day is much alike,  
 Their faith are giving.

Yet both are noble ; the false world allures  
 One, he its power resisteth ;  
 The other's worth, who patiently endures,  
 In hope consisteth.

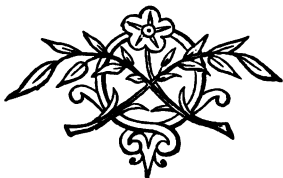
So each has duties, darling, not the love  
 Of face or form, but being—  
 Clinging of soul to soul, as those above,  
 'Neath eyes all-seeing.

The holy tenderness no years can blight,  
The all-entrancing capture,  
To which death brings but an immortal light,  
A perfect rapture.

This is the truth of love, that we should see  
Through tears a future meeting ;  
That each one's words should to the other be  
An angel greeting ;

That the world's sin should vanish 'neath the smile  
Whose light seems taste of heaven,  
And thoughts be full of worship all the while,  
Free from earth's leaven.

Such is the love we bear, through joy and woe—  
Think, that great God has seen us ;  
Pray, that His love may ever keep us so,  
And watch between us.





## CONCLUSION.

WORDS, born of ceaseless thought in quiet hours,  
Amid the woodlands or beside the sea,  
Wafted along upon the breath of flowers,  
The never-fading buds of memory,  
Farewell ! The latest echo of your tone  
Dies, and once more I find myself alone.

I feel that ye are gone, yet would I stay  
Your flight an instant, for a longing steals  
Into my soul, and thought of early day,  
Now, at the sunset hour, the past reveals ;  
And looking back, I see the moments pass  
That are no more, as in a magic glass.

How dear they were—those hours full of life,  
Wherein I wrote of sounds that came to me !  
The clamour of the world's perpetual strife  
Was stilled—each modest blossom and tall tree,  
In odour sweet or leafy whisper, sent  
A tranquil influence, soothing discontent.

Friends, to whose peaceful homes these fancies find  
Entrance, that they may bear with them some spark  
Of the glad fire with which they lit a mind  
Too often toiling amid shadows dark,  
And breathe around your souls that purer air  
In which you love to dwell, is my fond prayer.

So let the evening fall with sound of wings ;  
Night's solemn angel, hovering in space,  
Looks on the earth and hears its murmurings  
Rise, a smile gleaming on his tranquil face.  
Hush ! let all mortal visions fade away,  
As into silver starlight sinks the day.



